





















**MAURICE POWELL**

**AN**

**Historical Welsh Tale.**



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**C. Baldwin, Printer,  
New Bridge-street, London.**

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**MAURICE POWELL:**

AN


**Historical Welsh Tale**

OF

**ENGLAND'S TROUBLE:**



IN THREE VOLUMES.



VOL. II.



**LONDON:**

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.



1821.







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## CHAPTER X.

WHEN the exaltation of spirits produced by Maurice's return had subsided, the two families, as a modern poet beautifully writes, perceived that their hearts, like the gentle confluence of waters, were "mingling in peace." The Major's asperities of tone and manner gradually sank into something like the milder demeanour of the Colonel, while, in the society of Elizabeth and Emma, Maurice found much to dazzle and admire; but he could not avoid saying to himself that a female with somewhat less of the amazon than the former, and more decision of character than the latter, would be a com-



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panion preferable to either. Yet, wherever they were, Maurice was likewise to be found, and, at length, the veteran fathers made their own engagements and appointments, leaving the young people to dine either at the castle or the house, and spend their time without interruption together. The calm in their happy valley was interrupted only by the distant murmur of that gathering political storm which at length burst so furiously upon their unhappy country. The young ladies, on the arrival of unpleasant intelligence, always hoped that the differences of opinion respecting ship money between the High Commission Court and the people, or the King and his Parliament, would be decided without an appeal to arms. The old soldiers would look at each other, and exchange a significant glance and shake of the head, reserving their opinions and arguments to a



tête-a-tête private conversation. Maurice, like most young soldiers, felt incapable of estimating the value of domestic quiet when opposed to the chance of promotion in active service. On these occasions a camp, and the bustle of military movements, always floated before his imagination : yet, be it said, that, in his reveries, when the recollection that, in a civil war his fellow-countrymen must compose both sides, and Briton fall by the hands of Briton, he shrank with horror from the picture, and breathed a sigh at his own want of reflection. Disaffection toward the government appeared gradually, but steadily, to increase and spread among all classes. Property could scarcely be considered safe while subjected to the arbitrary and unlimited impositions of a court whose demands had been continually increasing. Speaking of the alleged innovations in the



Church of England, Lord Clarendon says that Archbishop Laud, “ guided purely by his zeal and reverence for the place of God’s service, and by the canons and injunctions of the church, with the custom observed in the King’s chapel, and in most cathedral churches, without considering the long intermission and discontinuance in many other places, prosecuted this affair more passionately than was fit for the season ; and had prejudice against those who, out of fear or foresight, or not understanding the thing, had not the same warmth to promote it.”\*

Whatever might have been the motives of that Prime Minister both of Church and State, it was impossible for the conduct of one so elevated in rank and power to escape from public animadversion ; and it was generally believed that he was labouring gradually to in-

\* Vol. i. p. 74.



troduce popery into the kingdom. He had increased the suspicion by personally officiating at the consecration of several churches, when he thought fit to use dresses, censers, and various ceremonies and genuflexions that but ill accorded with popular taste, and which served as a handle to the puritans and fanatics of the day, over whom he exercised an authority little consistent with the mild spirit of the Christian religion. The endeavour to force the service book upon the Scots, which caused the tumult at Edinburgh, the celebrated covenant and subsequent rebellion in that kingdom, was cotemporary with orders in England for “the removal of the communion table out of the body of every church (where it had used to stand and to be applied to all uses), and fixing it to one place at the upper end of the chancel, which often made the buying of a new table neces-



sary : enclosing it with a rail of joiner's work, and thereby fencing it from the approach of dogs and all servile uses : the obliging all persons to come up to those rails to receive the sacrament." " The expence of these alterations begot murmurings," and subsequently " appeals and suits at law between the clergy and their parishioners." " The manner, gesture, and posture, in the celebration of the sacrament brought in new disputes, and administered new subjects of offence, according to the custom of the place and humour of the people ; and those disputes brought in new words and terms (altar, and adoration, and genuflexion, and other expressions), for the more perspicuity in carrying on these disputations. New books were written for and against this practice, with the same earnestness and contention for victory as if the life of Christianity had



been at stake.”\* The puritans, as all dissatisfied persons were called, let no opportunity slip of spreading their own doctrines; and their success was equivalent with their exertions. As sectarists increased, more labourers were required in the vineyard; and regularly educated ministers not being furnished in sufficient abundance from their seminaries at St. Antholin’s, &c. a set of preachers arose who answered well with the description given by Calvin of the Anabaptists of his day: “Brainsick men, who would take example from David to despise all learning, and only hold themselves inspired with gifts because they are ignorant of all acquired knowledge.” “And, because simple Christians, who, with a zeal to follow God, cannot by any more notable shew be seduced, than when the word of God is pretended; the Anabap-



tists have that evermore in their mouths, and always talk of it." \* After a lapse of twelve years, during which King Charles had governed without calling a Parliament, writs were at length issued ; and much bustle, hope, and expectation, were felt in all parts of the kingdom. Maurice had offered his personal services to the King when the Scotch covenanters had taken arms, and, in consequence, joined the army and council at York : but, after spending some months in marches and counter-marches, finding the war was likely to be terminated by a treaty, he commenced his journey home with a very indifferent opinion of the troops among which he had been serving as a volunteer ; for his Majesty had plenty of officers, and had spent the million

\* Calvin. Comm. on the Psalms, "Olim fanatici homines, &c." and Vers. Anabap. "Quia nulla specie, &c."



of money which Bishop Juxon had contrived to accumulate in the Treasury. Many supposed that the possession of such a sum had been the principal cause of agitating the war : be that as it may, the want of more appears to have operated powerfully in effecting a truce, and was the avowed reason for calling a Parliament together. When that assembly met, the attention of all the kingdom was fixed upon them, with a similar feeling to that experienced by a ship's crew, after encountering a storm upon an unknown coast, when the gale abates, and an able pilot comes on board ; but, alas, their hopes were raised only to feel the bitterness of disappointment. In twenty days from their meeting, that senate, which obtained the name of the Short Parliament, was dissolved, in consequence of their unwillingness to grant such subsidies as were required, and the disposi-



tion therein evinced to redress grievances alleged to have been practised by the High Commission and Star-Chamber Courts.

A meeting of the clergy, which used to sit only while Parliament was assembled, continued their proper functions of making canons after its dissolution. By a new writ they were then entitled a Synod, and proceeded to give "subsidies, and enjoin oaths, which certainly it might not do, and did many things which at the best of times might have been questioned, and were therefore sure to be condemned in the worst, and drew the same prejudice upon the whole body of clergy, to which before only some few clergymen had been exposed."\* The Roman Catholics at this time exhibited a singular change in their deportment, which alarmed the prejudiced minds of



the people. At the suggestion of the Queen, they had publicly subscribed a considerable sum of money to be presented to his Majesty for the carrying on of the war against Scotland, as a free-will offering from his Catholic subjects. This they were well enabled to do, in consequence of having been partakers in divers monopolies of trades and manufactures granted during the suspension of parliaments: among the rest, that of soap, which was held by a corporation of persons almost all of whom were of that religion. All the existing laws against them had long lain dormant; and a public agent from Rome, Count Rozet (who succeeded Mr. Con, a Scotchman), resided in London, and was well received at court. Such was the state of affairs when the King took the field a second time against the Scots; and his troops, after exhibiting themselves offensively at



Newburn, under Lord Conway, from whose experience, and known personal valour, much was expected, retreated, without striking a blow, to Durham, leaving Newcastle and the coal-mines for the enemy to take possession of at their leisure. The retreating General was well received at court, to the great surprise and disgust of many experienced officers in the King's army, by whom it was imagined that, as Conway could not be suspected of cowardice, their attachment was doubted, or that his Majesty really did not intend to carry on the war. After various shifts for raising money, a great council of Peers was called, and met at York, where they were informed by the King that he was resolved again to call a Parliament ; and, on the 3d of November, 1640, that Parliament met. This brief sketch of public events we have taken, to mark the growth, and some



of the principal causes, of discontent, throughout the kingdom.

We now return to the parlour at Pen-leon Castle, where the family circle were seated round a cheerful fire, on a chill November evening; the two ladies engaged at their needle, and the gentlemen conversing on political subjects, occasionally mixed with remembrances of a successful day's sport; from which they had not long returned when Morgan entered, and delivered a letter to Maurice, whom, as he had obtained the appellation among the domestics and country people, we shall in future call Captain Powell. The Colonel and Major Bagot requested him to peruse it, hoping that it contained important intelligence. A letter was not, in those days, a matter of trifling moment in the country; and a dead silence was observed for some minutes, until the Captain, having opened



and glanced his eye over it, announced that it came from his friend Major O'Neal, who had served under the Prince of Orange in Holland. When the contents were read aloud, it appeared that the writer had been made prisoner by the Scots, in the disgraceful affair of Newburn, being deserted by his men in a charge, to which he had endeavoured to lead them. He described the Scotch army as being ably commanded by Lesley, whom the Captain must remember in Germany, and the number of subalterns from that school as very great. "For my own part," said he, "speaking merely as a soldier, I had rather, for the chance of promotion, be a sub among them, than hold my present rank in such an army, and under such leaders, as I was compelled to join this last campaign, if it deserve the name—but, as you were personally engaged last year, shall add no



more on the subject. The Scots used me generously as a prisoner, and I dined almost every day at the table of some old German or Dutch acquaintance, many of whom asked particularly after you." The writer then proceeded to relate that the Parliament were assembled in London, where his letter was dated, and had commenced their career with a high hand, by impeaching the Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud of high treason ; and that, from the nature and reception of petitions, which came in daily from all parts of the country, it appeared that a complete change in all existing laws emanating from the High Commission and Star-Chamber Courts was about to be effected. When the Captain had finished, Major Bagot rose from his seat, and, after pacing the room several times, exclaimed, " That letter decides the question ; and to-morrow, or the day after, I



shall commence a journey to London. Don't look so distressed, my dear Emma; you need not accompany me, and my absence will not be long." Then seating himself, he continued, "Perhaps, Colonel Powell, I may sink a degree in your esteem when I confess that the conduct of his Majesty's advisers has, of late, but too well, in my opinion, entitled them to the name of evil counsellors. Warfare of some kind they seem determined to hold against the people: and the unjust exaction of money, monopolies of trades, and orders for religious ceremonies, have alternately served as the pretexts for levying contributions, and establishing a separate interest between the King and his people. Of the former I would not speak irreverently: but he has been the dupe either of the grossest ignorance or the blackest treachery. If this Parliament will proceed firmly, all may yet be well. They



have much to accomplish. I know many of the members, and they shall have the utmost of my support for the accomplishment of their Herculean task.” “They have indeed much to perform,” replied Colonel Powell, “and God grant that they may accomplish a task which requires delicate and attentive management. A turbulent discontented spirit appears to have gone abroad through the land; and wrong measures, adopted at this crisis, may, like a spark to gunpowder, be fatal to the best interests of the kingdom.” “My dear friend,” said the Major, “the best interests of the country have been invaded—property has not been secure from lawless power; and, as in my case, the liberty of the subject has been infringed: for, happy as my time has passed in the society of friends here, I cannot forget that, when Providence had blessed me with the means of resid-



ing on any spot which might please my taste, and I had chosen the metropolis, I was driven from thence by the tyranny of bigots and priests, whose ignorance of mankind seems to have led them to imagine that their decrees would be received as the fiat of a superior intelligence, without debate or inquiry, and with the most perfect resignation."

The Major became warm in his invectives against the obnoxious courts. Colonel Powell allowed that perhaps the Archbishop would have acted wisely in giving way, in some degree, to popular prejudices—it might likewise be true that the Earl of Strafford had erred in some particulars, during the long and arduous services in which he had been engaged: but, speaking of King Charles, he would venture his life, nay, more than that, his honour, that his Majesty's study, and most anxious wishes, were, and always



had been, to preserve and insure the happiness of his people. The young Captain, who was then a mere military man, complained of neglect towards the army, which, if in proper order, could have terminated all differences with the Scots the year before in less than a month ; and then the money for a new war, which had been the bone of contention between his Majesty and the last Parliament, would not have been wanted. As for the King himself, he said there could not exist a prince more worthy of veneration and love ; and as for disaffection towards him individually, he did not believe there was any such feeling in the kingdom. Major Bagot returned home early, to prepare for his departure ; and, in a conversation which took place afterward, Maurice's inclination to be more in active life became apparent to his father. The old gentleman, when he reclined his head upon the



pillow at night, decided that such an inclination was natural in youth : the importance of debates then upon the carpet struck him ; and the last glimmering of his intellects, before they forsook him for the night, exhibited vaguely a wish that he had some other friend to consult—he sighed, and fell asleep. If any doubts of Major Bagot's loyalty had haunted him over night, they were dispersed in the morning. We are both to believe that which we hope to be false, and the Colonel had only one intimate friend. A short conversation between father and son determined the point ; and Captain Powell, attended by Morgan, accompanied Major Bagot to the metropolis. A closet scene took place on the evening before their departure ; in which the venerable parent retraced the particulars of that eventful and memorable day, when he, in company with his So-



vereign, partook of a citizen's hospitality; and strictly enjoined his son to pay his respects at court; and, if favoured with any opportunity, to assure his Majesty that Colonel Powell, the once happy husband of the Elizabethan Miss Owen, would never be found wanting, if his aged arm or service should be considered of any use to a King, the remembrance of whose condescension and virtues were indelibly imprinted on his heart. "In my younger days," said the old gentleman, "I have seen noble, open-hearted, generous fellows, whose only faults were those common to youth; such as the giving loose to their ardent spirits and imaginations, untutored by the lessons of experience—I have seen such youths, Maurice, inflamed by the artful insinuations of men far their inferiors in every respect, and with regret have observed the change in their characters. It is



enough, at first, to infuse into the breasts of such youths an admiration of the characters, and a wish to emulate the virtues, of a Cato or a Brutus. Anxious to tread in the footsteps of such renowned patriots, their fancies soon are prepared to find in some exalted character a resemblance of the haughty Tarquin or ambitious Cæsar; though, to unbiassed minds, no similarity be discoverable. With such tools, my son, deep plotting villains do their work; while in secret they laugh at the foolish dupes of their cunning. To such you will doubtless be an alluring object for a victim: but, hold fast your allegiance to our Sovereign; and remember, that the infamy attached to a traitor rests not only with himself—it taints his latest posterity, and all who went before him. As your sainted mother exhorted you, remember the departed; and recollect that desertion



from your King, at all times a crime of the blackest dye, is, if possible, ten thousand times more infamous at a period when he needs your assistance. I say not this, my son, because I doubt your loyalty, but because I know you will hear, at this crisis, hundreds of exaggerated and infamous tales, from men who, having long been accustomed to repeat them, will tell them with an appearance of candour and regret well adapted to mislead the unwary. Our friend, your companion, Major Bagot, is not a man of this description : he is, I am convinced, a man of honour : but, hold always in remembrance that he conceives himself to be an injured person ; and, in such a situation, the best of mankind are apt to argue and think erroneously. The frailty of human nature, and the consciousness of innate rectitude, are alone sufficient to bias us against those who have dared



to suspect or exercise over us an authority which we feel to be grievous and unnecessary, however pure their motives, of which, in our wrath and self-offended dignity, we are incompetent to judge."

The kind admonitions of the father were listened to with respectful attention by the son—yet must it be confessed, that he thought such particular injunctions were unnecessary, being fully satisfied (as who is not at six-and-twenty?) that his principles and opinions were too firmly rooted to admit of any change.

On the following morning, the family from Penleon joined the Major's breakfast-table at Ilandewy; and as soon as the silent repast was ended, the travellers proceeded on their way.

The wind blew keenly, and thick mists hung upon the mountains, as they wound their course along the valley:



but the idea of a change from the usual dull routine of his life lately rendered every thing interesting to the youngest traveller, whose eye, after the first mile, which had been occupied in deciding that Emma Bagot would be a most charming girl if she had but a little more animation, wandered from glen to hill, before and behind continually, until the Major, observing that the road on which they were travelling was the only object that escaped his attention, remarked, that if the horse should take it into his head to be equally accurate with his master in surveying the country, they might both probably chance to discover with what materials the road was constructed. "Really, Major," replied the Captain "it is so long since I have been off the turf of our meadows and hill-sides, that I seem to be in a new state of existence." The disposition of our society, and the



activity of a journey, have wonderful effects on the spirits; and the Major, who, like all old travellers, knew the comfort to be derived by falling in with the humour of his companion, became as light and cheerful in his conversation as the Captain could wish: indeed, to his own occasional surprise, his gloomy political auguries seldom disturbed the contented mood into which he had resigned himself. \* While the two gentlemen were mutually entertaining each other, their servants gradually entered into a friendly compact. Speaking of religion, Morgan declared himself a true Church of England man: and that he would stick by her against popes, puritans, and devils. His companion was a man who had the misfortune to be suspected by the inmates at Penlecon for a papist. All that was really known of him was, that he was a native of Ireland, and had not



been more than three weeks with the Major, to whom he came from Holland, where his former master died. Dennis Connell appeared upwards of forty ; and his coarse large weather-beaten features seldom varied their expression from a steady staring look, that was frequently laughably inconsistent with his words. His most intimate friend hitherto had been old Rees Price at the lodge, to whom he related strange stories of his royal ancestors, the O'Connors or O'Connells, when they were kings in Ireland, and wore golden saddles, every time they went abroad, on the horses' backs. These two worthies of royal descent, having each his own tale to relate, generally adjourned the further consideration of their argument, as is the case with many modern debaters, when they discovered a bewilderment and confusion in their ideas, and that their heads required



nature's "kind restorer, balmy sleep," ere they would again be fit for action. Their determination the night before parting was, that each should complete his pedigree for the benefit of posterity.

Rees then bestowed a benediction (aside) upon the pedlar, and reached out from a cupboard behind him a bottle of right Nantes, of which he dispensed a small glassful to his guest, to keep out the night-air, and took one himself, for the same reason that modern fine gentlemen take wine, "for company's sake."



## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER they had rode about two miles, and their conversation began to wax heavy, Dennis, by way of starting a subject interesting to both, addressed his companion, "I'd jist like to know. Mr. Morgan, what we are going to London about?" Morgan, not being in the secret, made no reply; and some minutes passed in silence; then the speaker continued; "The pape in Holland would be after talking about the Pope having some hand in matters here: but I hope not, though I wouldn't wonder much, for that father Philips, the Queen's Confessor—Oh, by my shoul! Mister Morgan, and he's a precious ould fox." Morgan took it into his head, that his fellow-traveller wished to worm his mas-



ter's secrets out of him; and his Welsh spirit immediately became indignant—"Look you, Mr. Cornell," said he, "as for popes and father Philips, they may all co, you see, to purcatory, and reap the penefit of their own tevices—put this hur tells you, hur knows nothing of hur master's business in London; and if hur did—very well—hur wouldn't tell you, you see." Dennis looked at Morgan while speaking: and when he had finished, stooping forward, he stroked and patted the neck of his horse, whom he addressed, without altering a muscle of his countenance; "And we've got a queer touchy sort of a companion, sure enough, Gormas, to be after kaping company wid all alone for three hundred miles, confound em all." Morgan immediately saw his error; and, being a good-tempered fellow, burst out a laughing at the whimsical rebuke that he had



received, and held his hand out towards his companion, who took it immediately, saying, " And isn't that better now than tormenting yourself, and wishing oder papele in purgatory, which yon niver saw. all becace I axed ye a civil question about our journey? But, niver mind; I've kept company, before now, wid as cross-grained sprigs as yoursilf, my honey—so we'll kick the rough stones about quietly between this place and London, and take things asy, and a morning whet, and why not?"

Morgan had never before been in the Irishman's company; and his ill temper had been roused that morning by the thoughts of having so far to travel with a papist; for such Major Bagot's new valet was adjndged by the congress in the servants' hall at Penleon, inasmuch as he had only once made his appearance at church, and then appeared unmoved



and inattentive to every part of the service, except that of bowing at the mention of our Saviour's name :\* and, as the custom was one which had been retained in the Church of England, when it separated from the Church of Rome, it was suspected that he was a member of the latter ; but when his native country was discovered, no further proof was needed. An Irishman and a papist were synonymous terms, in their opinion ; and as for what old Rees Price said in his favour, that was nothing ; for every body knew that he would be good friends with any one who would get drunk with him ; as witness, the pedlar. Much surprised and pleased with the cordiality

Many petitions were at this time presented to the House of Commons against their pastors, by parishioners, for bowing at the name of Jesus, and obliging communicants to come up to the altar.— *Clarendon, &c.*



that beamed through his companion's whimsical expressions, Morgan gave loose to the natural warmth of his feelings; and very soon they contrived, agreeable to Dennis's proposal, to take a morning whet, and drink to their better acquaintance. On the evening of the fourth day, being Saturday, they arrived at the city of Gloucester, where the gentlemen informed their domestics, that they should halt during the Sabbath, which they should spend at the house of a lady, whose establishment being small, they should not need attendance: and neither being tinctured with the fanaticism of the day, nor used to ask questions respecting the religion of servants, no instructions were given to Dennis or Morgan. "And what, think you, will we do now to-morrow?" asked the former, as they were regaling themselves with a pipe, and sitting upon a high-



backed bench or settle that faced its fellow on the opposite side of the large kitchen fire-place. They were each of a semicircular form; and small three-legged round tables stood at intervals, for the accommodation of the guests who were drinking. Upon one of these stood a mug of cyder, prepared scientifically by the two experienced valets, with the aid of fire, ginger, and Nantz, so as to make a fit beverage for a cold winter's night, as ever and anon they indicated by lifting it to their lips. "Hur doesn't car," said Morgan, "hur doesn't know much apout the plas—put hur never saw the inside of the creat church, look you, so—if you don't mind, Dennis——" "Mind! and what would I mind for?" exclaimed the Irishman: "if you go? though I'd not like to be going widout any body beside myself." "Pecside yourself! it was very well said—



you see," said Morgan, edging himself off sideways, so as to be able to look his companion full in the face; "ha, ha—will you expound to me that riddle, if it please you?" "And that's what I'll asily do, Mr. Morgan—obsarve, Sir, its my misfortune to be born in Ireland (for which I'm proud and thankful), and that's as bad as being a papist, as the blackguards here call them, and there may be worse people too; and so when I go to the big churches, and see all the prastes—and their dresses—and the singing by the beautiful women out of sight, like so many angels—long life to all such—and every body is after knaling & w'n wid riverence; it's no asy matter to stand in the face of all the multitude, wid their backs turned towards you as they are worshipping, wid a straight back, as if you had swallowed the proker. Och! and I remimber once when I did



so—that one head—it wasn't a man's—turned round, and I saw such a pair of blue eyes, all swimming in tears, and looking up so reproachfully—I'll niver forget it—and I came down whack upon my knees on the hard stones ready to break 'em—and that's a long time ago too—bad luck to the years that have gone between—when I was young, Sir.” Morgan, who perceived, during this curious speech from his companion, that some of the persons, who were drinking around them, looked upon Dennis with an evil eye, replied, “Cot forpfit that any man should be prevented from worshipping his Reteemer as he thinks pest. You have been so long aproad, that you has forget all about our creat churches, where the service, look you, is performed the same as you shall see at Llandewy, according to the Protestant pelief, and the order of the higher powers.”



A man, whom they had not perceived before, thrust his head from behind the chimney-corner, into the light of the fire, opposite the two valets. His body was hid by one of the projecting pieces of brick-work, which, on either side, protected the seats behind them from the intense heat which it was necessary to keep up for the comfort of more distant guests. The sudden appearance of this face, its malignant expression, and the tone of voice in which it spoke, would have alarmed most strangers when it broke in upon them with the following words: "High powers! The wicked triumph but for a season. From the mouth of thy companion we learn that he hath bowed his knee to Baal; and to-morrow, unless Providence shall interpose, and level their altars with the dust, may he again behold the



‘scandalous clergy,’\* the priests of the scarlet whore of Babylon, display their blasphemous rites and incantations. —But the work is begun—they that sit in high places shall be brought low, and the humble shall be exalted.” This was uttered in a grave, measured, sententious tone of voice, that attracted the attention of all around; and had the effect of producing a pause of silence at its termination; during which, the eyes of the company were fixed upon the two strangers. Morgan, for a moment, was dumb, from surprise; but recollecting the unfavourable impression which might remain on the minds of the audience if he did not disclaim popery, was about to reply, when Dennis pulled him slyly by the sleeve of his doublet, and began

An epithet used in petitions to the House of Commons, as before noted.—*Clarendon*.



his own cause: "Ah! Mr. Pracher, to be sure, as you would be after saying, if you could but contrive to spake in plain tarmis—there are a great many ups and downs in the world. But you jarneymen-parsons are always so fond of palavering wid your great big names, that your maning is mighty like a marble in a flour-tub—you may work yourself blind to get at it, and may be not find it after all; and when you have got it, it is not worth having. Just be after telling us now, how the prastes of Gloucester contrived to become acquainted at all wid that lady you mintioned at Babylon?"

To the horror of the puritan, this speech convulsed the whole kitchen with laughter; during which Dennis sat without moving a muscle of his rough, inflexible countenance; and, when silence was again restored, he leisurely handed the



ing to be replenished, and then gazed, as if expecting a reply, upon the person whom he had addressed, who, after coughing and hemming several times, answered, "The kingdom of Satan hath spread far and wide—yea, from city unto city—from Dan even unto Beer-sheba." "Them plases was not in Waals nor England," interrupted Morgan, "nor in Ireland by my fait," added Dennis.—The preacher continued, "Thou art, oh man! in utter darkness. The prince of the power of the air hath had dominion: but, again I say unto thee, the hour is come, and those that are in the highest places shall be brought down to the lowest." "And is that all you have to say?" replied Dennis. "I'll jist be after telling you, that spache was made long before you were born, by such another spalpeen as yourself. You must have hard that ould tale of the jolly tai-



lor of Leyden, Master Morgan, when you were in Garmany? and how he stitched himself up into a king at Munster." " Indeed hur has," said Morgan, " and many a plood-thirsty story the old people do tell apout him, even now." " And all true enough," continued Dennis. " Oh, he was a big blackguard, bad luck to him, and he'd another bog trotting tief, who was his prime minister, who came to him one morning; and, says he, King John, my jewel, I've just recaved a rivilation. What's that? says the tailoring king: Oh, says he, it's God's pleasure that those who are in the highest places should be brought to the lowest; very good, says King Stitch—it's all right enough, and we must be mind-ing these rivilations, and so I'll be after beginning immadiately, and, as you are in the highest place here, my honey, you must just be so kind as to turn out, and



hereby and henceforward, I, King John, decree and appoint you to be the hangman." \* Another burst of laughter annoyed the puritan, and, aided by the comforts of the evening, put Dennis in high spirits. "Come out now," he presently cried to his adversary, "if you would be for taching, my little fellow, let's get some of your own inventions out of you." "To thee" said the puritan, "will I talk no more; thou art one of the scoffers, and turnest my words into ridicule." "Asy enough, by the powers, that is," said Dennis, calmly lighting his pipe; and another hoarse laugh issued from his auditors. "We are warned, brethren," resumed the preacher, "to come out from among such, and to have no place nor fellowship with the sons of

\* This anecdote is related in the *Fanatick History, or Account of Old Anabaptists, &c. &c.* London, 1660.



Belial." "Is that a female?" cried Dennis, interrupting him; "because if it is, I had a mother once, and, by the powers, her son, and that's me, tells you not to be after christening her, now she's dead and gone, wid your hathan Babylonian names." The puritan, whose rage and indignation were scarcely restrained by his alarm, issued from his hiding place, and, rushing quickly past the two valets, reached the further end of the benches, when, turning leisurely round so as to face the fire, he thus harangued the company: "Hem, my brethren—hem—we are commanded to endure persecutions and to suffer meekly for Christ's sake," casting on Dennis a look intended to represent humbleness of mind. "Touch not the unclean thing, lest ye be defiled, my brethren. To-morrow let us meet in unity. As for thee," turning toward the Irishman again,



“ thou art in utter darkness, and in the way of perdition ; and thy lot shall be cast where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.” Having uttered these words, the preacher turned solemnly round, and intended to walk gravely and slow off the field ; but he had not moved a step, when Dennis, courteously rising from his seat, in a tone of similar gravity to that in which his own condemnation had just been delivered, said, “ Sir—hem—I bid you a good night,” and immediately reseated himself, to the no small amusement of his audience, whose boisterous mirth broke up the puritan’s dignified plan of retreat, and sent him off in haste to practise literally for some minutes the latter part of his sentence upon the Irishman. The remainder of the evening was spent most convivially by the whole party, whom the two friends, being flush of money.



treated with a pot or two extraordinary. The puritan, it appeared, was a journeyman shoemaker, who had but lately returned to his native city, Gloucester, from London, where he had been exercising himself in the double capacity of cobbling and extemporary preaching. Having, one Sunday evening, luckily succeeded in keeping a few idle apprentices round him, at the cross in West Chepe, until the passage was stopped, he was committed to the Tun upon Cornhill, until the next morning, when he was discharged as too insignificant a person for attention. This adventure, of which he made the most, raised him highly in the opinion of his former country acquaintance, among whom he considered himself, and was considered as a burning and a shining light. At this period a general feeling pervaded all classes of people, that the puritans had



got the better of their oppressors, and might in time become the rulers of the land in their turn. The Earls of Essex, Bedford, Bristol, and Warwick, and the Lords Say, Saville, and Kimbolton, all of whom were either zealous puritans or enemies of the Archbishop and his innovations, had been chosen and sworn as Privy Counsellors, by which circumstance the concurrence of that body was insured in any measures adopted by the Parliament, who had released *all* persons confined for sedition by the Star-Chamber, and proceeded against, or threatened with prosecutions, all sheriffs and others who had been concerned in levying ship money.

The consequences of these and similar indications of power were to excite terror in the minds of those who had anything to fear from, and hope, in those that had adhered to, their party. When the Sun-



day morning arrived, therefore, the two trusty domestics were much surprised to find only a few old women at the cathedral, at Gloucester, with their heads muffled up as if even they were afraid to be recognised. Not a person was visible in the street, as they rambled about after service, and, returning to their inn with keen appetites for dinner, they were appalled by the intelligence that, on Sabbath day, nothing was cooked, and that the servants had dined, and were all but one gone to hear the word. Making a virtue of necessity, they contrived to dine upon what the family had left, and resolved to make up for the roughness of their eating by a comfortable pipe and potations of cyder, Nantz, ginger, &c. as the last night: but, to their utter discomfiture, a boy, who had brought out their meal, said that his mistress had only left out the jug out of which they had



drank, and had taken the keys with her, as no tippling was allowed on Sabbath day. Remonstrance was in vain towards one who possessed no power ; and the disappointed pair betook themselves again to the street, where, with the intuitive discrimination of old campaigners, they had not prowled about long ere they found themselves at the door of a public house, in which they were soon housed in the company of a few choice spirits, who, either from the inability of conquering old habits, or a carelessness of the world's opinion, were enjoying their usual Sunday afternoon's regale round a blazing fire. The two strangers were admitted into their convivial circle with a bustle that indicated somewhat of suspicion ; but their open manners soon produced a return of confidence ; and the relation of their disappointment at the inn caused a hearty laugh. An elderly man, whose



crimson face and rotundity of body proclaimed him a lover of the good things of this world, seemed to preside over the company, being seated in the chimney corner, upon a cushion which elevated him somewhat above his fellows. In a stentorian voice he addressed the strangers : “ Gentlemen — ours is a select party, as far as regards the inhabitants of this place. There exists no law against our enjoying a social hour here after the service of the day ; but, we have a set of people here who are constantly on the watch to make mischief between neighbours ; and we are determined to enjoy ourselves in the same peaceable way as formerly, and not to enter into squabbles about religion or politics, which we leave to wiser heads, and profess to know nothing about. We attend to our duty in our trades during the week, and let the world wag its own



way, knowing that our interference in matters of state would only perplex ourselves, and do no good to anybody. If such company suits your taste, as strangers you are welcome—so, gentlemen. here's your good healths." In this ceremony he was joined by the whole party : and a general and lively conversation commenced, in which Dennis and Morgan astonished the natives by extraordinary relations of what they had seen in foreign countries ; and the latter sometimes quaked lest the veracity of his companion should be called in question . but, whether due allowance was made by his hearers for a traveller's license, or that they were determined not to disturb harmony, all passed off smoothly until the hour of seven, tolled by the cathedral bell, reminded Morgan that it was time to adjourn to their own quarters. and look after the horses. Being re-



solved not to neglect his duty, he treated resolution with another half hour, and then summoned his companion, who had talked himself into a fit of high spirits and self-complacence. “Arrah—be asy now, Mr Morgan,” he replied, “are’nt the bastes in a snug dacent lodging wid a house over their heads?—fill your pipe, my jewel, for we’ll not get such another snug gentale society and paceable Sunday avening between now and that big place where the divil kapes the pape all in a whirl from avening till morning, and from morning till avening, and all day and night besides—oh ! what a power of broken heads have I seen in the dead of night, or the peep of day, when there wasn’t a soul in the strate, and all the pape were quietly snoring in their beds.” London is a topic not soon exhausted, even now, in a country party : and the present easy and reasonable modes of



conveyance, which give every bumpkin a chance of gaping about the streets of the metropolis, were not then in existence. Dennis related many curious particulars respecting the quarrels that took place continually between the Irish Catholics in London and the puritan party, many years before, in the reign of King James. After the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew (which took place in France, during the reign of our Queen Elizabeth), when one hundred thousand Protestants were slain in cold blood, many of those who escaped took refuge in England, with feelings such as might be expected towards the Catholics. The Queen granted them protection and liberty of conscience ; but they, in their blind rage against a religion which they considered as having approved and urged the execution of the massacre, saw too great a similarity in the ceremonies of the



Romish and the Established Churches of England. When feuds arise between different parties, opinions are expressed and supported according to the temper and rank of their respective adherents; and, when Dennis had resided in London, the Catholic party began to assume an imposing appearance, being, it was imagined, favoured personally by King James. However that might be, the puritans were most grievously persecuted, and their name was esteemed synonymous with disaffection.

The blue-eyed rencontre which he related at the inn on the previous night had kindled in Dennis an enthusiasm, which, though certainly not of a religious nature, made him burn with a desire of distinguishing himself against the enemies of holy mother church. For this purpose he was wont to join parties of his countrymen, with the determination



of kicking up a row with the puritans, who were usually worsted, and could seldom obtain any redress from the magistrates; so universal was the prejudice against them. Warmed by liquor, and the recital of old scenes, Dennis confessed that he was formerly a Catholic, whatever he might be then, and many a puritan's head had he broken. "Och! bad luck to them," he continued, "and I won't soon forget the palavering some of their prachers would make—just like that tîef last night, Morgan. Och—I know how to dale wid such a divil—and then I left ould Ireland and England, and went to the wars in Garmany—and they took themselves off to a place called New England—aye, a power of them; and now some of the blackguards are coming back again—the chafes of them I mane.—Oh! and there's one priceous babe, as ugly as the ould one himself;



and that's young Harry Vane,\* as they call him. I saw him at Genava, where there's a hornet's nest, sure enough, along wid Lord Say's son, Master Nathaniel Fiennes—a toad under a harrow would be just like an angel to a Catholic in their hands—but, niver mind, that's nothing to me, for a'n't I a belaver now, any how? and the divel fly away wid such botheration and stuff as religious parsecution, say I." Morgan had frequently quaked for the prudence of his

Sir Henry Vane, jun., who some time held the place of Treasurer of the Navy, jointly with Sir William Russell. Clarendon says, "he had an unusual aspect, which, though it might naturally proceed from his father and mother, neither of whom were beautiful persons, yet made men think there was something in him of extraordinary, and his whole life made good that imagination." Vol. i. p. 148.

He was, for some time, governor of the colony in New England.



companion, and could not help imagining that they should be taken for papists: but Dennis seemed to possess, intuitively, that tact so necessary for all public speakers, of discerning the feelings of an audience, the proper use and application of which is technically called "touch and go," a term of nautical derivation, denoting the gliding off from a subject immediately it appears unpleasant, to one which is likely to be better received. The self-instructed Irishman continued, "We have had a mighty agraable evening; and, as we're travellers, and so will niver mate again, we'll be after trating the company wid the biggest bowl in the house full of cyder, which I'll just make myself wid right Nantz, and other matarials, in the same beautiful manner as if I was on the banks of the Rhine itself, where the wine flows about like milk and honey, agraable to an ould re-



caipt that I got of a Garman dragoon, who was taken prisoner, wid ginger, and nutmegs, and the rid hot proker, just to make it silky, as ould father Mac Shane, that's dead and gone, used to say—long life to him.” “ They was use that naam silky at Cambridge,” said Morgan. “ Master Maurice did once tell me to mak some silky cwrw—’twas prave coot trink, Dennis, as you shall peholt in a summer's day.” “ Ha, ha, my darling,” replied Dennis, “ and let alone a praste, or any ould boy that's shut up in a college, for finding good ating and swigging. It's iny notion that's what all the big outlandish books are about ; for at all the fastes that iver I saw, and many a one that is—both abroad and at home—it's no matter, if there was a bishop or a praste, you might know him, if you couldn't see him, by his knife and fork ; and the divel a cook that iver I see'd as



*could converse so larnedly about kitchen matters—so, if you'd be after larning the bist part of any thing, kape your eye on his riverence, as you must upon the corporal, all dinner time."* The bowl was filled, and discussed, with many other matters of importance, on which its influence enabled the company to judge and decide in a way very satisfactory to their own feelings.

The city of Gloucester has four principal streets, which join in the centre, and run from thence toward the different points of the compass, after which they are named. The two friends, as the clock struck ten, started from the eastern entrance of the city, on their way to the Bell Inn, in the South street, at which they were lodging. At the central point, where the streets crossed each other, some difference of opinion arose respecting the road home: the wrong was



*taken; neither of them could recollect the sign of their inn; and, after half an hour's ramble, they found themselves at the point from which they started. The landlord was summoned; and his two guests were lighted home by a boy to the Bell, though not before they had refreshed themselves, after their walk, with a glass of right Nantz. Some puritans, who had been labouring in their vocation in the neighbouring villages, had met, on their return, to compare their experience, and have a comfortable word in prayer together; after which they accepted the landlady's invitation to a hot supper, which was scarcely finished, in consequence of the tedious length to which some of the brethren extended their prayers, when the noise made by Dennis in the kitchen attracted their attention, and the landlady immediately withdrew, to see what was the matter.*



Two of the guests, both chosen ministers of the word, followed her; and the trio beheld Dennis standing by a table, on which Morgan, who was seated on the bench, reclined his head, being, as his friend expressed it, “done up.” “What’s all this noise about of a Sabbath night, I should like to know?” cried the landlady, coming forward, while her two assistants remained behind, on seeing Dennis, being little inclined to wrestle with the flesh. “Noise!” cried the Hibernian, “and what do you think it should be about now? but, I won’t be after spaking cross, becace it’s one of the fair six that spakes—bless the dear cratures, and your own good-looking countenance—just be after giving us an awakener to refrish this slaper.” The landlady, who would otherwise willingly have let them drink, was restrained by the presence of her spiritual monitors, and exhorted him.



to go to rest. The two puritans, seeing there was no danger, stepped forward; and one of them ventured to say it was no day for carousing. No sooner had Dennis fixed his eye upon the two preachers, than he uttered a loud "Hip! Holla, Morgan, my jewel, here's the ould Garman taylor and his clipper, that were hanged at Lambard's church staple, come to life again." At this moment the remainder of the supper party, who had been alarmed at his noise, rushed into the kitchen; and Dennis continued; "and here's a whole lagion of avil spirits at their heels." Morgan, suddenly roused from sleep, and overpowered by liquor, saw only a confused mass of black figures rushing upon Dennis, to whose help he imagined himself called, and, with characteristic Welsh impetuosity, he darted forward, and knocked the man down who was next him, and, being incapable of



sustaining his balance, fell upon him. A row being thus begun, the Irishman deliberated not, but fell, like Sampson, upon the Philistines. Morgan, by catching at their legs as he rolled upon the floor, aided him not a little. The coast was soon cleared, and they were shortly after conducted to repose, being warned by the landlady, from the bar window, that they should repent of their barbarous conduct. Dennis gallantly replied, "I bid you a good night, my darling—och—de cratur—what a tongue she's got." Leaving them to their repose and subsequent reflections, we return to their masters.



## CHAPTER XII.

MAJOR BAGOT and his young friend retired early in the evening from the house of Mrs. Flint, a widow lady, with whom they had dined and spent the day. They had not long been in their room at the inn, when the young Captain, yawning, exclaimed, "Oh! Major, what a dull place this is." "I was just thinking so," replied the other, starting from a reverie which had fixed him in an arm-chair, with his eyes bent upon the fire; "what say you to a glass of wine?" "With all my heart." The bell was rung, and the order as quickly obeyed; for who ever heard of tippling being forbidden to the best parlour-customers at an inn?



“That was a fine interesting looking woman once; that Mrs. Flint,” said the Major; “I remember her some twenty years ago, as gay as she now appears sombre.” “What can ail the woman?” asked Maurice. “You say she married her late husband for his money, which she now possesses without the incumbrance of his person—she’s past the age of love, surely—at all events, neither of us can be the object of her passion, for she positively could not conceal her joy when we talked of coming away.”

“There is some mystery about her, which I shall probably unravel in London; at all events, it’s not worthy of an hour’s delay at this time,” replied Major Bagot. “If you please, we will be mounted early to-morrow morning.” “According to agreement, Major, I am at your command.” Dennis and Morgan were summoned; but we have seen,



in the last chapter, how they were engaged. "I hope," said the Major, "that Irish servant of mine will not be playing any of his old pranks; he is a sort of legacy bequeathed to me by a friend, for whom I had the highest respect, and I know his character well: he has many good qualities, and but one failing, that I am aware of, which is the love of liquor. He was, when a boy, a servant in the family of a Catholic priest, which religion he then professed; but if he has any now it is more than I am aware of, though he tells me that he belongs to the Church of England. He recommended his late master in his travels, and afterwards attended him for several years in active service, both in Germany and the United Provinces; during which time he on several occasions behaved himself with so much devotedness and courage, that I shall



always feel attached to him." Conversation on the various topics of the day brought on the hour of repose, and still the valets were missing. An idea, therefore, of an early departure in the morning was abandoned, and the travellers separated for the night. When they met at breakfast, the Major inquired if his young friend had seen Morgan, and was informed that he had not made his appearance as usual at the hour of rising.

On inquiry, Morgan was found in his bed; but of Dennis no tidings could be learned; for, waking early with a most intolerable thirst, which he could not find the means of allaying, according to his taste, in the inn, where nobody was yet stirring, he had adjourned to his old quarters of the day before, to enable him, as he said, to look his master in the face, by a "rafrisher,"



which was the best thing to steady his "narves," which were all in a state of "boderation." His invitation to Morgan was answered only by groans, and requests to be left alone. "It has been as I suspected," said the Major; and scarcely had he uttered the words, when the landlady entered the room, and, with one of her best curtseys, asked if they had not been inquiring for their servants. Being answered in the affirmative, she related the occurrences of last night in a very exaggerated manner; and Maurice was surprised to find that Morgan, whom he had never before known to get into any brawl, appeared to be the aggressor. "I hope, gentlemen," continued the landlady, "you will not think me to blame; perhaps your honours are Catholics, and many a good dinner have I dressed for Catholic gentlemen: but, as things are in Gloucester now,



nobody knows what the consequence of an assault in my house upon ministers of the Gospel may be—it will perhaps be the ruin of me and my family.”

Here an hysterical burst of tears, or rather sobs, checked the eloquence of the speaker, who was dismissed with assurances that she should be no sufferer.

No sooner had she departed, than the room was entered unceremoniously by about a dozen persons, all clad in black, and some with short Geneva gowns, and Bibles tucked into a belt, which encircled the waist. One of them, who seemed to be leader, stepped before the rest, and in a nasal tone repeated, as if by rote, the following words: “We are commanded, in doing the Lord’s work, to have no respect of persons—the servant is not greater than his master, nor the master greater than the servant, in the sight of Him in whose name I speak—



the Word is gone forth, and is spreading throughout the land—take heed, therefore, ye bloody-minded—let the tyrants of the earth quake, for the day of retribution is at hand.”

Here the Major, seeing the eyes of his companion kindling with anger, stopped the orator: “I suppose, Sir, you are one of the persons with whom our servants have unfortunately had some dispute: but, the Bible which you bear about you does not, I am sure, instruct you to condemn any man unheard; we are, as much as yourselves, averse from drunken brawls, and wish well to the cause of religious liberty—therefore be not rash in your anger—we have not yet seen the delinquents—let us hear what they have to say.” Somewhat appeased, the puritans looked at each other; while the Major rang the bell, and ordered the valets to be conducted



in immediately. Morgan made his appearance, and fell upon his knees before his master, crying, "Indeed, indeed, te goodness—never will I forgive myself." The puritan who had spoken rushed forward, and seized him by the shoulder, exclaiming, "What!—bendest thou thy idolatrous knee to a worm like thyself?"

Morgan rose; and, if he had not been pushed aside by the Major, would have re-acted his part of the preceding evening, by knocking the aggressor down. He was then called upon to explain his extraordinary conduct; but the poor fellow could only recollect that he had seen a large party of men attacking Dennis, and that, in endeavouring to assist him, he had been knocked down and trampled upon.

This unsatisfactory explanation was scarcely ended, when the Irishman en-



tered : he had been fortifying his “ narves ” very powerfully ; and when called upon to account for his conduct, began : “ Indade, your honours, it was all along wid them mock prastes—there was one of them on Saturday night, and I bodered his gig till all the papel laughed at him, and so they thought they’d be after having their rivinge, and when I civilly axed the landlady for a mug of cyder, in they all comes all togither, one after the other, as they are doing now into the room. Oh ! and give me fair play, and I’d soon see the backs of the whole generation to tarn us out, your honours, the bogtrotters ! and Mr. Morgan was aslape on the binch, and so one of them knocked him down—bad luck to him—and, oh, how I’d like, now they’re all here, just to rapate to your honours, by word of hand, all de rist of the business,” and, looking toward the puritans, he



grasped a short stick that he held in his hand. The Major could scarcely retain his gravity, and the Captain was compelled to walk to the window. "You hear," said the former, addressing the orator, "what these men say—if they have stated that which is false, be pleased to contradict them." "We submit not our holy characters to thy tribunal," was the reply. "Who art thou, that thou shouldest sit in judgment?" "Sir!" said the Major. "Leave the room instantly," exclaimed the Captain, who could contain himself no longer; "be-gone, ye vermin, who deeeive men, to the ruin of their souls, during the day, and would basely, it seems, take advantage of their inebriety to assault and assassinate them at night."

Dennis, who had heard something in his morning walk of puritanical power in the city, interfered: "Oh! now, and



pray your honours—now don't belave that I was altogithir right—for the cratur had got into my mouth, and then your honours know it comes into our hands in Ireland—and it samed last night as it ould times had come back again, and I thought I was ounly a tree-year ould—I mane a horse—and so I wanted a mug when I had better have been aslape in bid, for which I axed the landlady, and she began to palaver me : and a woman's tongue's enough any how ; so when all de rist came and boddered me, it seemed as if the big church of St. Lambard's, with the iron cages, and Jack the Leyden pracher, was all swinging about, and had come to life togethir in the kitchen, which was amazing ; and I called out to Morgan, who was knocked down immediately, before he had time to get up ; and then I just rached out my hand, to saze the parson that did it, and they



tumbled over one another, all a-top of Morgan, who was kilt, and a marcy no bones were broke. But, if your honours plase, I know de way to sit all right, and satisfy these vinerable par—par—” Here, casting his eye upon the group of puritans, whose claim to the title of venerable was by no means apparent, the speaker could proceed no further, but burst into a fit of laughter. “No—that’s too much—vinerable, indade; ha, ha—that’s blarney wil a vingeance.” The Major ordered him to leave the room; but, instead of obeying, he advanced close to his master, and in a low tone of voice begged pardon, and said, so as not to be heard by the puritans, “The lady who faasted your honour yesterday is commander-in-chafe.” He then left the room, followed by the dejected Morgan. The truth flashed instantly upon the Major’s mind, and Mrs. Flint’s



altered manners were fully accounted for.

“Gentlemen,” said he to the puritans, as soon as the door was closed, “you hear what these men say; and it is evident that whatever was done by them was committed in a state of drunkenness, which I do not mean to justify, and shall take care to punish them for; but we are on our way to London, upon business of importance to the great work now in hand by the Parliament (in which I am assured of a seat), and shall need the services of these delinquents on our way. Our intent in stopping was to keep holy the Sabbath-day, which we spent in communion with a very old and intimate friend of mine, the worthy Mrs. Flint.”

As a school-boy shooting sparrows, after watching a bird hopping from twig to twig in the thickest parts of the hedge, and levelling his gun at the destined



victim, shudders with a feeling of horror at the crime he was about to commit, when the little animal, turning, exhibits the well-known colours of the domestic robin redbreast, so started the prosecutors of Dennis and Morgan at the name of Mrs. Flint, and finding that they were before one who was about to have a voice in that assembly towards which their eyes were bent with feelings little short of idolatry.

The speaker, after pausing some time to recover from his surprise at the unexpected turn that affairs had taken, then said, "Far be it from us to become a stumbling-block to any who are engaged with us in the Lord's work—whose ways are marvellous, and not as our ways. The widow whom thou hast named is indeed a chosen vessel, and hath been a comforter of the elect, even like unto the widow of Ephesus—yea, like unto



Jacl, the wife of Heber, the Kenite : for by her means, which the Lord hath blessed, have the brethren gone forth in His name, to bring down the proud hearts, and bend the stiff necks of the deceivers and oppressors of the people. But, as a servant of His, I charge thee, casting a glance on the Captain, which was returned with haughty contempt. “ be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers—and let not thy followers bring disgrace upon thy calling. He that is not for us is against us ; and ‘ confidence in an unfaithful man is like a broken tooth, or a foot out of joint.’ \* The Lord be with thee, and deliver thee from all such.” With these words he left the room, accompanied by his followers, who solemnly pronounced amen to his benediction, with very different feelings from those with which they entered. No



sooner had they departed, than the Major ordered their horses, unwilling to run the risk of an interview between the puritans and Mrs. Flint; who might not have thought proper to acknowledge him as a proselyte; inasmuch as some conversation had taken place the day before, in which the two gentlemen, but particularly the younger, had spoken in very irreverent terms of ignorant itinerant preachers who infested the country. When they had got clear of the city, Major Bagot took the liberty of a senior to counsel his young friend on the necessity of having a guard over his temper in such troublesome times, as the representatives of the puritan party were listened to, in preference to all others, by the ruling powers. "Hang them," replied Maurice, "I cannot do it; my blood boils within me to see such wretches, and hear them using the name of the



Almighty with every breath, pretending to Divine inspiration, while their hearts are full of deceit ; and, but for their dastardly cowardice, their hands would be imbrued in the blood of those whom their hypocrisy fails to delude."

Morgan and Dennis received a lecture at North Leach, where they halted for the night, much to the mortification of the gentlemen, whose admonitions to the two delinquents were somewhat more energetic, from the recollection of what had been the cause of their detention in Gloucester : but the evening of a short winter's day had arrived, and the roads were not then as the vicinity of Cheltenham has since made them. The next day, at Oxford, our travellers found all the inhabitants in groups, listening with greedy ears to the particulars of the triumphant entry of Pryn and Burton into London, on their arrival from Guernsey and



Jersey, where, as stated by the prints of the day, they had been unjustly confined by Archbishop Laud, and the other lords of the council, after being inhumanly punished by the loss of their ears in the pillory, for writing and publishing libels. It appeared, that when they came near London, from Southampton, where they landed, they were met by multitudes of people on horseback — then, within a shorter distance of Westminster, by crowds on foot, who brought them, about two of the clock in the afternoon, in at Charing Cross, whence they were borne “ into the city by about 10,000 persons, with boughs and flowers in their hands : the common people strewing flowers and herbs in their way as they passed, making great noise and expressions of joy for their deliverance and return ; and, in those acclamations, mingling loud and virulent exclamations against the bishops



‘ who had so cruelly prosecuted such godly men.’ ” \* Major Bagot looked at his young friend, who shook his head, and became unusually thoughtful; for both of these triumphant exiles were of that class of preachers against which he had expressed himself with so much violence.

Nothing worthy of note occurred to our travellers during the rest of their journey to London, where they arrived just in time to witness a repetition of the acclamations and scene before described; as Dr. Bastwick, a fellow-sufferer of Pryn and Burton, landed at Dover, from Scilly, and entered the Borough of Southwark in similar triumph. Major Bagot was incessantly engaged; and in a few days appeared entirely to have forgotten his young friend, who, occupied by the various attractions and amusements of

Vide Clarendon, vol. i. p. 160, folio, et passim.



the metropolis, found that time was passing with unwonted swiftness. Many of his military, continental friends were in town, and his introductions into gay society became daily more numerous, until he was drawn into a vortex of pleasure and dissipation which left him little time to think. Whenever he met Major Bagot, each observed with sorrow an evident change in the other. Maurice appeared no longer the modest intelligent young soldier who had been so warmly and deservedly welcomed home to Pen-leon. An air of foppery was observable in all his motions; and, while he was profuse of words upon trifles, it appeared as though he studied to avoid, and was unable to judge of, the important events of the times. He had missed the Major's company only the first day; after which, finding himself in a circle unlikely to be, such as the veteran would



enjoy, it occurred to him that a society was to be found in London fit for every man; and probably that which had been chosen by, and which now engaged the Major, was of a sort not congenial with the feelings of a younger man. Agreeable to his father's desire, he presented himself at court, and wrote a particular account of his reception to Pen-leon. The King, he said, looked many years older than when he saw him last; and there was a strange alteration in the court, which he found very difficult to describe. "A want of confidence," he said, "seemed to pervade the whole establishment," which appeared "like a flock without a shepherd, each looking in his companion's face, as if to ascertain which road he was about to take, or what was next to be done." A gay young officer, who had served upon the Continent, was a welcome guest where-



ever he appeared ; and the flattering attentions paid to Maurice, in the fashionable circles of the day, elevated his spirits to an excess which blinded him to the progress of puritanism, and the importance of passing events ; or, if ever such subjects had power to engage his attention, it was when, with his companions, an opportunity occurred of quizzing some unlucky fanatical preacher at a tavern, by every invention that youthful imaginations, in a moment of hilarity, could contrive : then he became the ring-leader of his party ; and, like too many of the young cavaliers, fancied that his loyalty, and freedom from prevalent bigotry, enthusiastic ignorance, and hypocrisy, were best evinced by the open display of a carelessness of the world's opinion, and a latitude of principles and conduct. “ We do not pretend,” they would say to the puritans, “ to be more



than men; we acknowledge the infirmities of our nature; and if we have vices, they are the failings of humanity—but you, blasphemously professing to be directly influenced by the Spirit of God, are the victims of every base and malignant passion, and active in deeds of rebellion, treachery, and murder, which you meanly and hypocritically cloke beneath your assumed garb of religion.”\* Strange as it may now appear, the character of a free liver, or man of pleasure, was in those days considered as the certain badge of attachment to the Established Church: and so much does the human mind delight in extremes and opposition, that the rigid observance of abstemiousness and sobriety by the puritans made many an aspiring royalist assume the character of, and live as, an

Vide Hume, Dr. Grey's Notes on Hudibras, et passim.



epicure and drunkard, without possessing the smallest natural inclination to excess.

Leaving our young hero in the midst of his new acquaintance, we return to the Major, who attended the Parliament every day, and generally staid out from home till late in the evening. To tell of all his engagements would be to enter somewhat too deeply into the political affairs of the day; therefore we merely observe, that, as an avowed enemy to the Star Chamber Court, he rejoiced at its abolition, at the bill for triennial parliaments, and many other Acts passed by that which was then sitting. The apparent sincerity of his Majesty in wishing to remove every unnecessary load, and the willingness with which he acquiesced in measures which curtailed his own power, if proposed by the Privy Council, won the affections of such men as



Major Bagot ; while, unfortunately, it tended only to increase the demands of those whose aim was the utter subversion of all existing establishments. Such men could only infer, that his Majesty's conduct proceeded from a conviction of their power ; and consequently, though respect and gratitude were expressed in their official documents towards his person, he was, step by step, deprived of all power, and left only a nominal King. The melancholy catastrophe which occurred several years after, at the end of a long, bloody, and unsuccessful struggle to recover his authority, is too well known.

One morning the two friends met, by accident, at breakfast by themselves, when the following conversation took place : Major Bagot began, “ We have been so little together of late, my young friend, that, when we do meet, it appears



as though we had no subject in common for conversation ; you are thinking of Shakspeare and Davenant ; while my mind is deeply intent upon passing events, the magnitude and importance of which are unprecedented in the history of our country." "No doubt," replied the Captain, "God knows only what the end may be ; we must be content to wait His time and do our duty—but for me it is enough to be compelled to hear occasionally of the conduct of our present hypocritical political agitators—I'd as lieve make my dinner from the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, as be present in their canting pandemonium."

"Since your simile savours a little of epicurism," said the Major smiling, "let me ask you, if the meal which is placed before you is less agreeable to your taste because you did not see these



slices of fish broiled, or that omelet prepared?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "Then why," continued the Major, "may not existing circumstances and passing occurrences gratify the mind which despises many of the agents? I look upon the puritans but as tools and instruments to be used by us upon the emergency of the present occasion." "And pray," quickly asked Maurice, "when do *you* intend to lay them aside?" "I!" replied the Major; "I have nothing in common with them: but, experience has taught me that when we cannot produce an effect by means that we wish, it is better to pursue it by such as are in our power." "Sooner than temporize or associate one moment with such wretches," warmly replied the Captain, "I would have my heart torn from its seat." From that time, Maurice looked upon the Major as one of the



King's enemies: but he did him an injustice; for the intent of that gentleman's party, which then was very numerous, was to support the royal authority, and to increase the personal respectability of the King, by freeing him from the odium which naturally attached itself to him as the destroyer of parliaments and the founder of two tyrannical and oppressive courts. These *evil* counsellors being removed, it was even allowed by the puritans that "the wicked being taken away from before the King, his throne would be established in righteousness."

The pursuits of their masters leaving Dennis and Morgan much at liberty, they availed themselves of it to wander, as their inclination prompted, about the metropolis. The latter was, at first, extremely cautious in the article of drinking, having, as he conceived, blemished an hitherto irreproachable character in



the affair at Gloucester, respecting which he could never recollect particulars ; and his comrade always treated the whole business with a levity little suited to the honest Welshman's ideas of his duty towards his young master. Collision, however, wears off the angles of character and manners ; and in a few weeks our two valets became completely "an fait," in the various scenes which presented themselves. They visited houses of public resort, attended by all parties ; and Morgan learned from his companion the art of making a graceful retreat when opposed in argument by numbers ; in which case, a cavalier challenge to any of their opponents, backed with an allusion to the service which they had seen abroad, and a display of their sturdy figures, paved the way to a "good night," instead of the insult and contumely which frequently are the reward



of wiser speeches than ever issued from their mouths, if uttered in a company pre-determined to think differently.

Among other places of public attraction, our travellers visited the church of St. Antholin's, in Watling-street, next door to which, the Scotch Commissioners were lodged, in a house from which there was a private entrance into a gallery in the church. The most powerful and popular preachers were used there to display their talents to crowded congregations, the windows being thronged by those who had been unable to gain admittance. Service continued all day: the orators succeeding each other, like sailors at the pump, making room for their successors only when completely exhausted. A specimen of their capacity, and the influence of their "much speaking," was given at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where Marshall and



Burges, - two of the puritanical clergy, preached seven hours before the House of Commons ; and as a requisite preliminary before they administered the Sacrament, the Communion-table was removed from the east end where it stood, to the middle of the area, which proved the forerunner of the following order : - " That Commissioners be sent into all counties for the defacing, demolishing, and taking away all images, altars," &c. The principal source from which these declaimers drew the most effective parts of their sermons was the Old Testament, the figurative Eastern style of which they adopted ; and their study was to apply texts in such a manner as to impress their hearers with a feeling, that it was the Word and Spirit of God which inculcated upon them the duties of citizens, when in reality they were



inflamed to deeds of rebellion, persecution, tyranny, and murder.

With them it was easy to prove the lawfulness of any action, by stringing together quotations from that Book which was their constant study and companion.\* “Consecrate yourselves,” said a preacher, “to-day unto the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that He may bestow upon you a blessing this day.”† “Arise therefore and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.”‡ “Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.”§

Vide Dugdale, Clarendon, Rushworth, et passim.

† Exodus xxxii. 29.

‡ 1 Chronicles xxii. 16.

§ Jeremiah xlviii. 10.



The impression made by these orators upon Morgan was deep; his first feeling was that of horror at their blasphemies; but habit destroyed that sensation, and a rooted and determined enmity against the puritans took possession of his whole soul. Dennis appeared to make it a point to parry the attack of every subject that could possibly produce serious thought: indeed, he was of a non-descript sort of religion, wandering in the fold like a lamb that has lost its mother.

Returning one evening from hearing a puritanical lecture, he said to Morgan, "The divil fly away wid dat spalpeen, what a spachement he made now—I wouldn't wonder if some of the harers thought he belaved what he said."—"Indeed," said Morgan, "hur was one—Mr. Cunnel—'twas pity as the goot cifts of Cot was throw'd away, look you, it



may be apused; but he teccives himself, hur has no manner of toubts or scruples.”

“And is dat your belafe?” replied Dennis; “and mighty little do you know about prastes, Mr. Morgan. You have seen a play, my jewel—Oh, and I’ve been behind de scanes, when I was sarvent to a prast—and he was an actor as much as de ould women round Machet’s big pot that we saw t’oder night at de thaater—and he would be after making mounds and gistures by de ‘horn togider, before a mighty big mirror that he had made apurpose—all which he repated at church—Oh! and take this for your comfort, a praste is a praste whatever his belafe—and didn’t St. Patrick himsilf, when he was timpted by the divil, when he was ounly a monk, hide some pig mate or swine’s flish, contrary to a fast-day?—But I won’t be after spaking irrivirintly of dat saint.



for an angel came and tould him to mind what he was at wid two pair of eyes, one behind and one before, and he saw the mate, and tould St. Patrick to put it in water, which he did immadiately, and it became fishes."\*

Morgan here could not avoid laughing, and asked Dennis if he believed the tale?—The Irishman replied, "I dare say I did once, as will as any Roman; particularly in Lent. Many's de smoking bit of mate as it samed to de eye, tho' it was fishes dat I have taken out of de pot, wid a detarmination to re-

Many of the Irish, wrongfully understanding this miracle, are wont on St. Patrick's day, which always falls in the time of Lent, to plunge fresh meats into water, when plunged in to take out, and when taken out to dress, when dressed to eat, and call them *Fishes of St. Patrick*.

Vide Life of St. Patrick, ch. xxiii. by Jocelyn, the Monk of Furnes.



mane stidfast in de fait ; and it rilished amazingly."

Month rolled away after month, and left the young Captain in the same gay and thoughtless state of dissipation, and the Major as busily engaged in the mazes of political discussion, fancying that he was doing much for the good of his country, when, in reality, he was as a fly upon the revolving wheel, while subtle and designing men guided the machine.

The two servants were perhaps the most wisely engaged ; for, by mixing among the lower orders, who were destined eventually to become the engine and tools of anarchy, they acquired a knowledge which afterward frequently proved beneficial to their masters.



## CHAPTER XIII.

DURING the absence of the gentlemen in London, the family at Peuleon consisted of Colonel Powell and the two ladies, who lived in a retired manner, apparently, but, in reality, warmly interested and well informed of all that was passing in the political world. Elizabeth, who held the memory of her departed mother always in her mind, and cherished with a fond reverence all that had belonged to her, had discovered some papers which appeared to be part of a diary, in which not only events, but opinions, were traced as they arose in the mind of the inditer, from passing occurrences. With the tear of filial affection swelling in her eyes, she would sit for hours intent upon the precious relics, which she occasionally



read with proud enthusiasm to the affectionate Emma, whose heart vibrated in unison with her filial bursts of admiration when a passage more than usually striking occurred. A natural and laudable inclination to acquire knowledge was the result of hours spent in this manner : their conversation became serious ; and, instead of debating questions of dress or embroidery, the various claims and conduct of both King and Parliament were seriously discussed, and argued between the friends, in their morning walks. Letters from Major Bagot and Maurice became gradually more and more interesting ; but, after what has been said of the different occupations of those two gentlemen, it may be supposed that the communications of the former were by far the most valuable : they spoke distinctly of events in which the writer was personally engaged, and freely expressed



opinions which at first startled the determined loyalty of Elizabeth, who requested in vain of her brother to write less upon trivial matters, and to fill his letters with important intelligence. Thoughtless and gay, he answered only by a request that she would not trouble her head with politics, which, at all times unfit for the sex, were then so perplexed by the collision of different parties, that the most experienced diplomats knew not what a day might bring forth. To an inquiring mind and warm imagination, such advice was not likely to be welcome or effective: and, for the first time since their acquaintance, Emma appeared to have the advantage of her friend, who knew not upon what grounds to defend the conduct of her Sovereign.

Such was the state of things, when a young gentleman of the name of Henry Dormer made his appearance at Llan-



dewy, where he was nominally commissioned by Major Bagot to overlook some papers with which he was to return to London : but, in reality, to absent himself from public notice, until a difference, which had occurred between him and Sir Harry Vane, in New England, could be amicably adjusted by their mutual friends ; among whom the Major stood foremost. Mr. Dormer's family ranked high with the persecuted puritans during the reign of the late King James ; and his parents were among the first settlers in the New World, who, after suffering much, and escaping by stratagem from their native land, resided for some years in Holland, and then, braving the dangers of the Atlantic, flew, as they hoped, to a secure place of refuge, and first formed a colony at a place which they named, and which is yet called, Plymouth. Puritan was, as we have before



had occasion to mention, an appellation given, at that period, as a name of reproach indiscriminately to all persons who rendered themselves obnoxious to the ruling powers. Political rather than religious disaffection had removed the Dorimers from their country : but the influence of constant association with zealous partizans is greater than persons who are contented quietly to walk in the path of their forefathers are disposed to allow ; and Henry received his first religious instructions in a building, the inside of which was devoted to sacred ordinances, while the roof was laden with cannon, and a watch kept night and day, to give notice and guard against the attacks of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Singularly wild and extravagant as the tenets of many among the new settlers were, their lives and conduct were far more extraordinary—sometimes the



idea of lifting up their hands in prayer, and trusting to the Lord for deliverance without any exertion of their own, was adopted : at other times the hungry lioness sought not her prey so eagerly as they the battle : their wars with the Indians were wars of extermination : and familiarity with scenes of blood then hardened many a heart, and prepared many a hand for the destruction of fellow-countrymen in England, when the civil war commenced, and a cavalier was considered as a persecutor of far more hateful description than the poor ignorant American savage.

Accustomed to hunt with the friendly Indians, Henry displayed an extraordinary energy of body and mind in field sports, and of course became an interesting object to the Colonel and his daughter, who saw in him a wild untamed son of nature. The latter gazed



upon his tall commanding figure and sun-burnt cheek, with a feeling which she could not express. His conversation and deportment were strange, likewise sometimes abrupt and uncourteous ; yet she could not be offended, for all such breaches of established custom were evidently unwittingly committed.

Riding one day on her favourite palfrey along a ridge which gradually ascended sidelong up the mountain, she saw a figure clad in a dark green hunting dress, reclining on the green moss. His back was towards her ; and the winding path, which at that spot seemed lost in a mere sheep-track, passed within a yard of the declivity on which he lay. Not daring to surprise the stranger, whose suddenly rising in such a narrow pass might alarm her horse, she halted at some distance, while two dogs, who had accompanied her, sprang forward and claimed



a renewal of acquaintance with him. Elizabeth felt somewhat confused when she recognised her American friend, as he arose and came towards her with a boldness of air, which, had it been the first time of her witnessing it, would have alarmed her. "What, lady," said he, "and do *you* seek the mountain's top?" "These wild scenes are favourite haunts of mine," replied Elizabeth; "I can indulge myself here in reveries which please me, and fancy—" "Go on," said her companion, observing her *hesitation* as she approached the narrow pass, from the side of which he had just risen. "Let me hold the bridle for a few yards." Her unresisting hand permitted him to lead her horse between two steep declivities, in silence; when, releasing her, he resumed: "You did not finish—you spoke of fancies indulged on the mountain." "I hardly know of what I meant



to speak," replied Elizabeth: "when alone, my imagination is apt to rove; and I indulge in day dreams which will not bear the scrutiny and test of reason; much less will they bear repetition." Here she observed her companion's dark eye fixed upon her stedfastly; and, approaching her side, he said with peculiar energy, "Yes! *thou canst* feel the influence of the higher air—the heart of freedom bounds lighter on the mountain—the air that stagnates in the lower world rushes in purity by us here. If some say true, spirits dwell in mountains." Here Elizabeth felt a thrilling sensation, which arose from the recollection of her mother; it produced an emotion in her countenance, which did not escape the penetrating eye of her companion, who, sinking his voice into a deeper tone, continued; "We will talk more of that at the fire-side—'tis a sub-



jeet on which I have frequently heard men speak—the wild Indian—the zealous preacher of the gospel—the mitred bishop—the cunning politician—the learned clerk—they are all ignorant : but, I will know—yes, I will, I will know. Holy men in all ages have retired to the mountains. I have been on the mountain amid the wildest storms of nature, and have felt that within me which was a clear evidence of my temporary exaltation. What may not prayer effect ? In thunder and lightning on Mount Sinai was the law delivered ; and on Mount Horeb the covenant was renewed. Here Jehovah spake—no other places were worthy.”

Both were silent for the space of a minute, during which they proceeded on the ascent, when Elizabeth, before whose “ mind’s eye ” strange and painful images and recollections were flitting, while an unusual interest in behalf of her compa-



nion came over her, felt a tear starting to her eye. Female pride instantly took the alarm, and in an instant all visible signs of emotion were quelled. "Sir," she said, "you talk wildly this morning. From your accoutrements one would have imagined that you were not in pursuit of airy forms—but," she continued in a jocular tone, "if you are really serious, observe that dark water at the foot of yon steep, nearly on a level with us—that which is furrowed so deep by the winter torrents—the sun-beam glistens on the edge of that dismal lake one week only throughout the year; yet it is inhabited by beings which appear to be fishes: and, if the country people say true, a lady presides over its loneliness, who cannot be a good genius, because, according to the Scriptures, which you are very, perhaps too fond of quoting, she 'loveth darkness rather than light, because her



deeds are evil.'” Having thus, as the common expression runs, thrown “a tub to the whale,” and fearful of exposing the superstitious weakness which she felt equally conscious and ashamed to acknowledge existed in her own breast at the moment she was attempting to ridicule it in another, the fair equestrian took leave of her companion ; and whether from that innate propensity which ladies *used* to have of proceeding as rapidly through the air as their good steel could carry them, or that she really feared a sudden shower of rain, when not a cloud was to be seen above the horizon, her speed and dauntless riding rivetted the visionary American to the spot on which he stood. The centaur-like flying amazonian figure at first commanded his admiration ; but, as it lessened in the distance, a painful sensation of fear as to the probable consequences of her temer-



city passed upon him. Such feelings must have arisen either from an unusual interest in behalf of the person so careering down hill, or from want of observation toward the women of the country generally, who were then, and have been ever since, celebrated for their bold and excellent riding. Even in the present day, a Welsh farmer's wife or daughter, seated upon her market keffel or poney, will carelessly dash down a steep where many a Melton red-coat would pull up and shake his head, even though previously warmed by a burst. When, at length, by an intervening swell of the mountain, his outward eyes were deprived of the interesting lady of the flying steed, those of his imagination were immediately occupied by the lady of the lake, towards whose dominions he cavalierly proceeded with that sort of indefinable courage which most of us have



probably experienced at some period of our lives, and which consists of a hardy determination to face every danger, and be unappalled at the appearance of the most horrid spectres, when, in fact, we are convinced, "sub rosa," that we shall not meet with either. The water was calm and dark, being sheltered on three sides by a curved amphitheatre of barren precipitous rocks, bearing might, imprints of the roaring winter torrents, for within the white lake, Llyn Gwyn, seemed to be a temporary receptacle. It took the title from the supposed presiding spirit who always appeared under the steep or overhanging boundaries of her dominions, clad in robes of dazzling white which, fluttering in the wind, were said to emit a phosphoric radiance, and supernaturally to elongate and flash across the bosom of the waters, like the Aurora Borealis in the heavens.



In the evening, old Dafydd Jenkin, the landlord of the "Diw Taith" (a strange wooden figure, which had long hung dangling in the street of Llandewy, as an indication of good cheer being within), was sitting with the curate before-mentioned in the parlour, where they had adjourned to smoke their pipes, and discuss the quality of some double beer or cwrw; the like of which, Dafydd affirmed, was never seen before in Wales. These gentlemen had been amusing themselves all the afternoon by playing at bowls; and such was then the mania for following that diversion, that probably more than one half of the male population of the kingdom, who could command leisure, were similarly engaged on such a fine afternoon as they had enjoyed. A generous wholesome beverage has, among its numerous other qualities, the effect of producing some



sort of argument upon the “ tapis,” particularly when there are only two persons in company : and our host and the learned clerk fell into an erudite discourse upon the wooden sign, which had swung, time out of mind, before the principal house of entertainment in Llandewy. It presented a fit object for antiquarian research, being rendered venerable by the privation of legs, arms, and nose. The curate argued that “ Diw Taith” being the same as “ the god of travelling,” it had, no doubt, formerly been a figure of the god Mercury, who was often worshipped under the name of Teutates,\* by the Cimbri, with whom the Britons were identified, having all originally sprang from Gomer. Dafydd shook his head, and replied that if he believed the image to be a wooden idol, she should be



burnt directly.—Here we must note, by the way, that the peasantry of that neighbourhood use the pronouns most perversely, calling a pretty girl *he* ; a bull, *she*, &c. &c.—“ You’ would then be wrong,” said the curate, shaking out the ashes, and re-filling his pipe ; “ for although it may be said to appertain unto your dwelling-house, yet no man can be so ignorant as to suppose that you are one of those who worship idols, or who sacrifice ; or, as Lucan says,

‘ Et quibus immitis placatur sanguine diro  
Teutates, horrensque, feris altaribus Hesus,  
Et.....’

“ Look you, reverend Sir,” quoth mine host, raising his short jolly Bacchanalian rotundity of body upon two limbs well adapted to their burthen, and elevating his voice at the same time, “ Look you, Sir, hur does not pretend to understand Latin ; put, no manner of toubt you was



mane to have the old cup filled again ;” and smiling, well pleased at his own conceit, he waddled off to the cellar. The subject was renewed on his return : Mercury was described as the god who presided over roads and highways, and Dafydd was almost inclined to believe in his learned friend’s position, when it unfortunately, in the warmth of description, escaped his lips, that Mercury was likewise the god of thieves.

This was too much ; and Dafydd’s blood boiled within him, as was plainly indicated by the flush in his cheeks and flashing of his eyes : but, as he was a landlord in his own house, and, moreover, was conversing with one of the clergy, for whom the Welsh are seldom wanting in respect, he contrived to smother his indignation for the space of a minute ; during which, his companion, nodding a good health to him, and emp-



tying the cup, handed it to be replenished; having, by former experience, discovered that such was the quickest way of drowning all animosity. Dafydd placed the foaming beverage upon the table with a grave air; and joining his hands, which he was scarcely able to do, behind him, elevated his figure to its full height, which, accurately measured, might be about five feet. With an important look he then addressed the curate: "Hur was thinking, you see; put, may pe, hur was wrong—put—hur reads the Piple too, Mr. Williams, look you. It was a long time since my sign was pegun to be plown apout by the wind; may be 'twas in plind tays for religion—and may be it was put up for a saint—or a pope—or an angel—you see."

Dafydd might have pleaded the example of many a learned man for feeling proud of having formed an hypothesis :



he walked, or rather strutted, twice across the room, attempting to whistle a tune ; but the necessary musical organs were too much agitated to produce the intended effect ; so he jerked himself into a chair, and placing his two thumbs in his breeches-pockets, looked steadily at the learned clerk, whom he verily believed to be completely posed by the strength and novelty of his suggestion. “ Signs,” said the curate ; “ hem—signs, my good friend, are of very ancient origin—how ancient we know not ; but as man, even in a savage state, in all parts of the world, so far as we have yet discovered, when he goeth out to battle, adopteth some sort of device, ensign, or banner, whereby to rally or collect his friends—by a parity of reasoning, I say, we may infer, that the instant when men became so far civilized as to congregate, and mutual assistance was given and required—



at that moment, doubtless, he who had food or raiment to dispose of chose some appropriate device to indicate unto his fellow men that at his abode refreshment was to be obtained.” “Hur was thinking, look you, perhaps, may pe, the tove with the olive pranch upon Noah’s ark was an ancient tevice,” said Dafydd. “No doubt,” replied the curate; “but that was an emblem directed unto Noah, to signify the state of the earth—or, as a sign. The dove typified that the nether world was restored to a state of quiet; neither being disturbed by the tumultuous wickedness of man, nor the overwhelming agitation of the waters: the olive branch denoted that the fruits of the earth were springing up; and the olive always delights in the neighbourhood or climate of the grape—so that the token or sign signified that Noah and his family might repair to the land, to



partake of oil and wine in peace."

"That was capital," exclaimed Dafydd.

At this period they were joined by Henry Dormer, who had been unsuccessful in his spirit-hunting expedition; and not feeling sufficient courage to face the ridicule he feared to encounter at Penleon, after sitting alone for an hour or two at the hall, resolved to have some chat with our host respecting the popular superstitions of the neighbourhood.

The presence of the curate promised unfavourably to his intention; but that reverend gentleman had, by bowling, talking "*ex cathedrâ*" to Dafydd, and perhaps somewhat assisted by *cwrw*, succeeded in attaining that genial warmth of heart in which timidity quits the bashful, and the stores in man's mind are open for the service and inspection of his companions—when the tongue is free, and utterance, warm from the heart, like



deeds of mercy, "blesseth both him who gives and him who takes." Mr. Williams was a great admirer of the book of sports published by the late King James, and supported and approved by his Majesty King Charles; therefore he felt no repugnance at being found with mine host of the Diw Taith: and inasmuch as a bowling-green was the arena in which even royalty and episcopacy frequently engaged, he felt a sort of pride in carelessly observing that he was fond of the sport. The dissertation on signs was resumed: and referring to the circumstance of Mercury's patronizing thieves which Dafydd could not digest, it was observed, for his comfort, by the divine "that no one supposed that the ancients exposed their household gods, or Dii Penates, for sale—neither was it possible to imagine that signs were intended as objects of worship; for who would think



of adoring a bell, or a blue boar, or a Saracen's head?"

"Yet," said young Dormer, anxious to wind the subject round to his favourite topic, "in the reign of popery, the cross, the Catherine wheel, and St. Peter's keys, were proofs of the people's idolatry and superstition—even the triple crown and the cardinal's hat were used as signs." A conversation on the extraordinary tales of saints in the Romish Calendar, and the extreme pliability of human credence, when the mind once becomes resigned, led to the popular belief of the day in the existence of witches and supernatural agency.

It was a grave subject:—the divine shook his head, and intimated that power had been, and therefore it was possible might now be, given to the agents of "the prince of the power of the air." Dafydd was, as he expressed it, "always



very uneasy when hur did talk of such things—for you see—nobody does know what was at hur's elbow—all infisible like—look you.” When the Reverend Mr. Williams departed, Henry abruptly asked the astonished Dafydd whether there was any truth in the story of the lady of Ilyn Gwyn. Not being able to obtain information on that point, he next inquired if there existed any person in the neighbourhood who was supposed to possess supernatural power ; and, after much equivocation on the landlord's part, and the frequent assertion that no harm was intended to the individual, succeeded in getting the name of old Winifred Phillips, of whom our host related sundry strange occurrences ; and, among the rest, of her causing “ an evil eye ” to dwell upon a boy who had robbed his apple trees, until the mother came and restored all the stolen fruit which was



left, and obtained his forgiveness for the remainder ; when her child, which must certainly have died otherwise, immediately recovered.\* This old woman lived in a miserable hovel, concealed by low clustering trees, which bordered, and partly shaded, the small river before-mentioned, as rushing over a wide gravelly bed in front of Llandewy Hall. It was a lonely situation, about a furlong beyond the house ; and early the next morning, Henry, bent upon discoveries, sauntered along the banks of the river, which, becoming narrower, wound through a deeper bed in beautiful serpentine irregularity.

Concealed by a sort of screen or hedge-row which overhung the rivulet, at a point where the stream doubled upon itself, he witnessed a scene that would

A similar occurrence took place but a short time since in a Pembrokeshire village.



have been familiar to a poacher; though to him, previously occupied with fantasies of an ethereal description, it appeared somewhat supernatural. The dwelling of old Winifred, though on the same side of the river, was, by its circuitous route, brought opposite to him; and he saw her gaunt and witch-like figure seated upon a stool earnestly gazing on the water. Withheld by an indescribable impulse, he looked upon her for some minutes; after which, with an expression of, as he interpreted it, malignant joy, she arose, and, crouching upon all-fours, crawled towards the stump of an old tree on the river's banks. Her form was nearly hid from his view; but, in a short time, he saw a long lean shrivelled arm reach from among the brushwood, and slowly plunge into the water, from whence, after remaining for a few seconds, to his utter as-



tonishment, it issued, the hand grasping a larger and finer trout than he before knew was to be found in the stream. Had old Winifred used all the modern efforts of advertising and puffing, they could not so completely have prepared her visitor to anticipate an extraordinary interview, as the exhibition of this one trick, commonly called "tickling" trout, by dint of which the poor old soul gained half her livelihood. With hasty steps she retreated, bearing her prize into the poor mud-hovel, into which Henry, as soon as he had traversed the bend of the stream, followed her. She was seated on a low stool blowing an ember-fire with her mouth, but was instantly roused by the sudden darkening of her door way, by which only the light was admitted. In an instant she arose, and, glancing with a fury which, to the prepossessed Henry, seemed somewhat



supernatural, stamped upon the floor. With a reverence he would have felt ashamed of, had a third person been present, he instantly "doffed" his hat. The gaunt figure, as quickly, with an austere and contemptuous smile, resumed her seat.

"Madam," said Henry in a respectful tone, "I come not with any evil intention;" the old woman smiled, as she stirred the embers with a long stick, without looking at him; "I am a stranger—a foreigner—somewhat in distant lands have I heard of communication with another world—by ships men have held commerce with places unknown to their forefathers—from those parts I come—yet I know nothing of what may lie nearer, above or below—I thirst for such knowledge."

To his unspeakable disappointment, the old woman turned round, and, look-



ing steadily full in his face, pronounced emphatically the words "Dim saesnag." To numerous questions he could only obtain the word "dim," accompanied by a shake of the head, until the propitiatory offering of sundry silver portraits of the late sapient semi-wizard King James opened the sybil's lips. Silence and *dimness* both departed—the poor old creature found herself reduced to the necessity of deceiving; and repeated many an extraordinary tale, over which she had brooded, and told so frequently, that they were written in her memory with the same accuracy as though she had actually been an eye-witness of their horrors. We have given this short scene merely to indicate the nature of young Dormer's pursuits; and beg leave to remind the reader, that, however ridiculous they may appear now, most men at that period believed in the ex-



istence of supernatural agency and witchcraft. The interviews which followed between the hunger-driven deceiver and the determined dupe we pass over, as well as many trifling incidents which occurred to more important characters, and proceed to the main business of our tale.

A series of events, which are faithfully recorded by the historians of the times, gradually widened the breach between the unfortunate King Charles and his Parliament, until at length open hostilities commenced, and the royal standard was erected at Nottingham, on the 25th of August, 1642, but was in a few hours blown down by a violent storm of wind, which continued raging so that it could not be re-erected for a day or two. "This was looked upon as a sad presage for the war," says Rapin, whose example in "bring-



ing up the affairs of the church" to a given time we must follow; by briefly stating, that, before that unhappy period, both Major Bagot and Captain Powell had retired into Pembrokeshire; the former disgusted with the politics of the day; and the latter despairing, amid the crowd of petitioners around a falling Monarch, of attracting notice, or obtaining a chance of distinguishing himself for promotion. Not that he would have withheld his assistance, had he really believed the throne in danger; but there existed a strange apathy and infatuated blindness on the part of the King's friends, even after hostilities had commenced; and the false confidence they felt was probably then strengthened by the advantages gained by the cavaliers, as his Majesty's troops were denominated. In the winter of that year the old Co-



lonel went to Oxford, for the purpose of offering his services “pro formâ” to his Sovereign, and was much surprised to find that, notwithstanding the victory of Edge-Hill, the taking of Reading, and triumphant march towards London, even an old arm like his would be an acquisition well worthy of royal acceptance. The consequences were, that both father and son enlisted under the standard; and the latter arrived with his sister Elizabeth at the head-quarters and court in the city of Oxford, which was strongly fortified and garrisoned, and contained the flower of England’s high-born beauties. Dames of high degree were in every street, in every building; but she who should have presided over all—her place was vacant—Henrietta of France, Queen of England, was braving the stormy deep, chased by a squadron of ships commissioned by the Parliament,



like blood-hounds, to hunt and destroy her. In spite, however, of their vigilance, she succeeded in sending great quantities of ammunition to Newcastle, and herself landed at Burlington, only a few hours before the arrival of the Parliament's ships, commanded by Vice-Admiral Batten, who, willing to show his employers the spirit in which he would have executed their orders, as it was early in the morning, and he had ascertained from some fishermen the precise house in which the Queen was sleeping, after her very great fatigue. "brought his ships near, and discharged above a hundred pieces of cannon, some laden with cross-bar shot, upon the house, many of which entered her chamber; and she was forced out of her bed to seek refuge behind a bank in the fields."

\* Vide Clarendon



The various military movements which took place from that time, till the investment and storming of Bristol by the King's party, were little likely to turn the scale greatly on either side : and served only, by the frequent recurrence of bloody scenes, to initiate the young recruit into the mysteries of his new profession ; to arouse and fan each latent spark of unforgiving party-spirit, and to blunt the edge of those finer feelings, which loudly call out, upon even the most abandoned, to withhold from the needless shedding of human blood.

The battles of Lansdown, near Bath, and of Roundaway Down, near Devizes, which took place just before Prince Rupert became possessed of Bristol, were both in the King's favour, and added not a little to the elevation of spirits occasioned by that event among the cavaliers.



Colonel Powell was for some time employed in garrison-duty at Oxford ; while his son, under Prince Rupert, was roaming through the adjacent countries, engaged in continual skirmishes, and harassing the enemy. At length, leaving his daughter Elizabeth to the care of a lady of the old school, who was providing for her own safety, and attending the court at the same time ; he joined the army before Bristol, and met his son, for the last time, the day before the capitulation took place. He was engaged in the hottest part of the attack : and fell, after the King's party had gained the suburbs, and were advancing towards the Frome-gate.

He had that morning changed his coat of mail for a buff doublet, such as were usually worn by the cavaliers, saying that an officer should despise any safeguard which was not equally shared by



every private. "But," said Morgan, reluctantly advancing, and turning the sleeves of the garment inside out, "your honour was please to remember Cronenburg's regiment at Leipsic—and, moreover, 'twas only three weeks ago when the cavalry of the Lord Marquis of Hertford himself, with their puff toublets at Lansdown, though they was as praave as lions, was hacked and hewed by Sir Arthur Haslerig's lobsters\* till only five hundred was left out of two thousand." "You are very considerate, Morgan," replied the Colonel; "but we are not likely to charge against the lobsters to-day—they were cracked in their shells by Wilmot's boys at Roundaway; or Runaway Down—which do you call it? hey, or, if we were—but, however," continued

\* A body of horse, so called, from their being in complete armour.



he, putting his arm into the doublet sleeve, "this is lighter and more pliable, if there were no other reason, and at the breach—or, if a horse drops, as I am stiffer in the joints than formerly, why—hark! the trumpet sounds to horse—on with it, quick, quick." Morgan's eyes were full, as he lost sight of his old master, among the crowd of officers that surrounded Prince Rupert: and, in the evening the poor fellow had the heart-rending evidence of his eyes, that the fatal bullet was so directed as that the gorget\* which was left with the rest of the armour, and which might with propriety have been worn with the doublet, would, in all probability, have caused it to glance aside. As we have previously,

\* Then a substantial piece of armour, very different from that unmeaning thing, of the same name, which is now tied to the necks of our officers, like a label to a decanter.



related, attention to the request of an expiring parent led Captain, now Colonel Maurice Powell, into Pembroke-shire, where he learned the departure of Major Bagot and his daughter Emma both of whom he had left at Llandewy, on his departure for Oxford, the father unwilling to take an active part in civil warfare, and the daughter in deep distress at the loss of the only friend she had on earth, for so she styled Elizabeth. Not a soul was left in the house, which was committed to the care of Dafydd, of the inn, who only knew that the Major and Mr. O'Connel, and Miss Emma, and two servants, all went together for England, but for what part he did not know. It was more than two months ago, he said ; and he went soon after their departure to ask old Winifred about it, because she used to be always along with the young gentleman ; but, she was off



too, and after him, no doubt ; for there were devil's doings, to his knowledge, between them—though God only knew who was likely to be injured. No sooner were his filial duties performed than the Colonel sat out, accompanied by Morgan, to rejoin the army ; and found himself much perplexed on his route by the endeavour to solve an unexpected, and at first, as he concluded, a very unimportant question, “ Who was the young gentleman Dafydd spoke of ? ” Morgan could only say that he supposed it must be the young New Englander, who had been on a visit to Llandewy. “ What does it signify to me ? ” replied the Colonel to himself ; but that was no answer to the former question ; and perhaps he thought it might be solved with other problems on Kilvay Hill—not that we mean to infer such questions were the ground-work of his meditations there.



No; he dreamed of victory, of promotion, of honours; thanks from the Sovereign whom he had assisted to re-ascend his throne, and the loud acclamations of a grateful people. Yet would the stranger youth, and the figure of Emma, interfere even amid these orgies of the brain, and, as they flitted, cause one dark spot to disfigure the splendid illumination of fancy.

No more the thoughtless gay cavalier, who lounged at Piccadilly House, watching or joining the gamesters all the morning, who roved from tavern to tavern, quizzing the puritans, or amused himself by riding in his gayest equipments with his comrades, to ogle the wives and daughters of the "sanctified" citizens, as they demurely took an evening walk in their gardens in Moorfields; a few months had changed his character with his views. Conscious self-im-



portance elevates a man, and presents him with new duties.

Maurice Powell had suddenly become the head of his family, and a Colonel in the King of England's army: and if, next to his own good opinion, he was peculiarly anxious to gain that of any particular individual, he boldly and magnanimously closed his reveries by saying, "I will deserve it."

In such a frame of mind he descended to the ferry side, and embarked on board the *Fanny*, bound for Bristol, or Bristow, as it is yet called in Wales, and formerly was in England.

We trust that the reader will not have forgotten what occurred on board that little vessel, which we left floating with the tide up the river Severn, in order, agreeably to the fashion of most historians, to give some account of the "birth, parentage, and education," of our hero,



whom we now hasten to rejoin, surrounded, as we left him, by men who appeared only to be sensible of his situation, inasmuch as it afforded them an object for coarse jocularities at the moment, and the hope of gain and favour at the place of their destination.



## CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTAIN DAVY JENKINS employed himself during the time appropriated by the puritans for reading and prayer, in considering how much he might possibly gain by the Colonel's capture, and at what rate he should dispose of the goods. He was in the middle of a reverie, when Berkley Castle, seen over the low-land which intervenes between it and the Severn, arrested his attention. The next question naturally was, to which party it then belonged: and a sudden qualm came over him, as he recollected that a similar uncertainty existed respecting every point of the shore, and that a ball might fly across the Fanny's bows the next minute. Keeping, however, in view his determi-



nation of appearing a willing agent in the eye of Lucas, whose influence he deemed unbounded among his party, he contrived to keep silent, until he recovered himself sufficiently to ask if any one on board knew whether Newnham was in the King's hands or not. The question operated like a spark upon gunpowder. Lucas, in the plenitude of his triumph and zeal, had forgotten to inquire: and the name of the Lord of hosts was so continually in his mouth, that he had neglected (as a writer of those times quaintly expresses himself, when speaking of the round-head leaders), to take proper care of the host of the Lord, which, in this instance, considering him as a chosen and powerful instrument, had unreservedly, and with full confidence in his ability and knowledge, committed themselves into his hands as a leader.



“ It was nonsense,” exclaimed Gatto to several of the puritans, who had risen from their seats, and wanted him to cast anchor ; “ ask your neighbours, Griffith and Howells ; and you shall see they will tell you hur was no sailor to think apout letting go an anchor now—and a tide like this.” Accustomed to tumult, Lucas knew that direct exhortation would have little effect upon a commotion produced by the sudden impulse of fear, until the cause was in some degree removed.

In a loud and authoritative tone he called out to Jenkins, pointing at the same time to a headland about two miles distant, round which the river appeared to wind, “ What callest thou that projecting land ? ” “ Aure Point,” respectfully answered the Captain ; “ we shall see Newnham on the hill when we do come round, look you, if not before.”



“ Let thine anchor be cast on this side,” said Lucas, “ as near under the land as may be. If thou needest counsel, let those to whom thou didst erewhile dictate instruct thee—but take heed,” continued he, in a sneering tone, “ take heed that thy spirit waxeth not faint, lest thou stumblest once more. Thou art, like Felix, almost persuaded to be a Christian ; and, like him, thou tremblest.”

The voice of their leader, speaking without alarm, and even indulging in a joke, attracted the notice, and calmed the fears, of his followers. Silence was restored : and Lucas inquired if there was not some one among them who was well acquainted with the forest of Dean, which lay on their right, stretching over a vast track of land ; when it appeared that several of the company had exercised themselves in the duties of their profession among the various celleries



therein established. The lot of venturing as a spy fell upon a short thick-set man, about thirty, named David Barrett; who was chosen, at first, because his locks hung redundant about his ears, sporting in all their original wildness; but he soon exhibited low cunning enough to satisfy his employers that he possessed other qualifications, more important and necessary, for the execution of his mission.

The Colonel's trunks were used without ceremony upon the occasion; and, with indignation and grief, poor Morgan beheld the renegade issue from the cabin clad in his own last new buff doublet, which was laced and lined with black, in respect for his late master. A flat black cap, such as were worn by tradesmen in their shops, and the nether parts of his dress of the same sombre hue, gave the wearer altogether an aspect which would



answer the purpose of deceiving either party : but, in case he should be closely examined, he took the precaution of secreting a letter addressed to Colonel Powell in one of Robert Barker's thin Bibles : and, lest he should meet an inquisitive cavalier alone, he concealed a brace of excellent pistols, in addition to the sword and belt, in buckling on which he observed, that a man who could cudgel and play backsword mayhap might find out a head with such a thing as that. As his toilet was completed, the Fanny came to an anchor under the land, near one of those small coves so numerous on the banks of the Severn. The boat was brought alongside ; and the emissary, who declined the offer of company, saying that it was easier for one than two to pass unnoticed, descended ; and, when parting from the vessel, was hailed over the side by Lucas :



“Thou goest, brother, before us,” he cried, “to taste the grapes of Eshcol—make no long tarrying—for we will go up with thee to possess the land—it is not meet for us to remain, like Dan, in ships, or Ashur, on the sea shore.” The dictates of prudence now called on the deluded band to guard against the suspicion which would naturally arise in the minds of the country people if so many persons were observed upon deck; and they accordingly descended into the cabin, where a scene arose in which poor Jenkins underwent, as he expressed it afterward, the sufferings of all the martyrs. It was suggested by one of the party, that, as they should probably soon quit the vessel, and be exposed to the inclemency of the weather, it became them to prepare for their journey. The hint was immediately taken, and bale after bale was brought and ripped open



in the crowded cabin, and their contents strewn about the floor; while, like hungry dogs, each pounced upon what he supposed likely to be useful. Woollen caps, flannels, and hose, with eggs, butter, and bacon, were crushed together under their feet, when Jenkins forced his way among them: "For God's sake, my masters—stop you, now—oh! 'tis awful,

as you—who was to show her face at Brixton?" The poor fellow could gain no landing, but was jostled and elbowed from one to the other, till, exhausted both in body and mind, he threw himself upon the companion ladder, and burst into a flood of tears. There was a communication between the cabin and the hold, through which, when the litter on the floor rose to an inconvenient height, it was pitched, like so much rubbish, and fresh packages were handed in for the inspection of the brethren, who, after



their first wants were supplied, became, like epicures at a feast, gradually more choice and nice in their selection. Under all the merchandize was found a large chest, strongly secured with iron plates. Two men, who were below, essayed in vain to move it, and therefore proceeded to break it open. Lucas had commanded that silence should be kept on board, for the same reason which had caused them to descend into the cabin; and the booty that now fell to their lot, as a sort of bounty, or earnest of future gain, inclined them more than ever to obey his injunctions. Nothing, therefore, above a whisper was uttered after the opening of two or three packages. All were now silent in the cabin, waiting for fresh plunder, as a longer time than usual had elapsed since the last bale had been rent asunder. Three loud and distinct cheers issued from the hold; and in a moment



a general rush towards that point blocked up all communication. "Make way," exclaimed Lucas, putting back one of the men; "make way—is this a time to shout—'so that whosoever heareth it both his ears shall tingle?' Yea, when the foe is at hand." "Let the foe come," said one of the men, in a slow exulting tone, handing up two of the muskets, which, with pistols, pike-heads, and swords, filled the chest. "It is the Lord's doing—yea, his hand is here," solemnly added Lucas; "'but let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.'"

A supply of ammunition completed their equipments; and when every man had arrayed and armed himself agreeably to his taste, the motley group once more assembled in the cabin, where Jenkins yet remained, his violent paroxysm



of grief and rage settling into fixed and melancholy despair.

Lucas, perceiving him, began, in a taunting tone, "What, then, thou didst think to purchase the favour of the wicked by aiding them to shed the innocent blood? Verily thou shalt receive thy reward at Gloucester." "Have ye not had your way?" groaned Jenkins; "Have you not commanded? Have not I done every thing? Was not the Fanny here by your orders, look you? You did say I was to be paid for the goods." "Thou shalt have a hearing and open sentence when thou comest to Gloucester." "But," asked Jenkins timidly, "if Newnham is in the King's hands?" "Then," said the leader, "we can thread the forest—and the company of the chosen of the Lord, peradventure, may be for the health of thy body, as well as thy soul;



for thou hast not only, like Jessurun, forsaken ‘ the God that made thee, and lightly esteemed the rock of thy salvation,’ but, like him, ‘ thou art grown thick, and art covered with fatness.’ ”

A hoarse laugh went round at the expense of the unfortunate Captain, who was too much depressed to manifest any resentment, and meekly asked who would take charge of the Fanny during his absence. “ Thou didst well to remind me of it,” replied his persecutor; “ we may be straitened for time at our departure—therefore, as thou hopest for reward for that which thou hast unwillingly performed, see that thou concealest nothing—and show unto the brethren, who will attend thee, where thou keepest thy pitch and tar, and other combustible matters, for verily this night shall there be a burnt-offering.” “ Oh ! mercy, mercy,” shrieked the wretched Jenkins, throwing



himself on his knees, "tak the goods, and the wares, and the arms, and all; but, cast hur not away in hur old days to look for a stone pillow for hur grey head—my wife—oh! and my children—give hur but the Fanny, and keep your rewards and your prisoners. Pray—oh, pray, as you do hope for salvation. If hur has but the Fanny, hur can fly away like the dove to the ends of the world, and be at peace."

There were some among the company who really felt moved at his appeal: but their leader sternly bid him rise, and never more bend the knee to mortal man. "As for giving the vessel up to thee," said he, "what use wouldest thou first put it to? no doubt, to inform the enemy of our numbers, and the road we have taken." "No," cried Jenkins, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, "indeed—indeed, to goodness I swear."



“ Swear not at all,” said Lucas ; “ thou art falser than Judas. Yesterday wert thou with the scoffers, and the tool of blood-thirsty persecutors. This morning, for the love of mammon, thou didst mingle with the righteous : and now thou wouldst again turn—but, those whom the Lord hath raised up in Parliament, to sit in high places among the people, and govern his chosen, they have pointed out the difference between the dog who roameth alone, and he who hath his master—the latter is bold, and will fly at a passenger : but the other, though equally blood-thirsty, through fear runneth aside or croucheth at the traveller’s feet.\* Verily I say unto thee, Thou art the man.’ ” Cowardice, and conscious guilt, superadded to the real

Vide Mr. Rouse’s speech in King Charles’s third parliament (1628) : “ If a man meet a dog alone,” &c.



difficulties of his situation, completely overpowered the unhappy seaman. He muttered something about God knowing his heart, and crawled into a corner, where he remained, occasionally groaning deeply, till evening came on, and the moon threw its silver gleam through the hatchway close at his feet : it reminded him of the night before, when Lucas first sounded him about betraying the Colonel ; and so much did the rapidity of subsequent events seem like the effect of magic, that, with superstition common enough among sailors, he recalled the ghastly expression of the fanatic's countenance, and felt almost convinced that he had taken the evil one himself on board, as a passenger. While the work of plunder was proceeding below, the Colonel continued to walk the deck, revolving in his mind various projects of escape. He had given no parole, nor was he taken by any author-



ized power. He was in the hands of a lawless banditti, composed of ignorant, deluded men, from whom he could but expect the coarsest and most unfeeling treatment. The thought pressed heavy upon him at first ; but after a few turns (in making which he called to mind the whimsical assumed air of dignity displayed by some German officers when surrendering, and the philosophical nonchalance with which they immediately marched into the rear, and, being released from further duty, sat down and lighted their pipes, speculating upon the issue of the day) he felt ashamed of his weakness, and resolved to profit by what knowledge he had of mankind. Morgan was seated upon the stern, from whence he had walked occasionally during the afternoon, to peep and see what was passing below. "Morgan," said the Colonel, stopping as he turned at the end of his walk. The faithful Cambrian was in-



stantly on his legs. "Be seated," continued his master, throwing himself on the taffril, and motioning to Morgan to sit beside him; "it is well that we should understand each other. The fortune of war has made us—" "'Twas no fortune of war," said Morgan, forgetting, in his warmth, who was speaking; " 'Twas no war—step you this way, and you shall see their works; they was rob—rob—aye, a church." "Nothing more likely," replied the Colonel; "but, my good fellow, we must endeavour to conduct ourselves in such a manner as may render our situation least irksome to ourselves: and I therefore take this opportunity of telling you, that, if a favourable chance of escape should offer now, I shall be willing to embrace it: but, if we commence our march towards Gloucester, it is my intention to proceed willingly, as I do not choose to expose myself to any personal indignity, and fully expect there



to meet with some officers acquainted with military affairs, and with enough of the gentleman left, to know how a prisoner of my rank ought to be treated.” “ If the deck was but clear for five minutes,” said Morgan, “ and hur has watched all the time since we did cast anchor, that little boat astern—your honour may see, look you,” pointing to the spars and oars, “ where they was hide the paddles—hur has been in hur young days on the Old Tovie,\* and was used to coracles catching salmons and sewins—you see—” “ Well, Morgan, don’t attempt the thing unless the deck be perfectly clear ; for we should both of us be worse off in case of discovery ; and numbers are too much against us to think of using force.” With these words,

The old name for the river Towey. A coracle is a small boat made of basket-work, covered with skin or canvass pitched.



the Colonel recommenced walking the deck; and Morgan held a counsel of war with his friend La Rose, who had been as anxious as himself to escape ever since he had been informed into the hands of which party he had fallen. His master was, he said, “*Pour sa majesté :* and, for myself, *je suis toujours pour les femmes, de womans, eh ! Monsieur Morgan ?* La belle Henriette Marie—a dofter of France—and de King too—Charles—son mari, c’est un bon prince neanmoins dat he is not von Frenchman, tant pis, and,” with a shrug of the shoulders, and offering his companion a pinch of snuff, concluded, “*mais—cela—dat is not his faute.*” Intelligence of the Fanny’s doom soon reached the sailor and boy who kept watch upon deck; and they agreed to go below in turn, to overhaul the merchandize cast aside by the cabin guests, and appropriate to them-



selves whatever might appear useful in the new course of life which they were about to commence. It has been said that there is honour among thieves : but, whether thieves have greater faith in its existence, than the Pope can have in his own infallibility, is somewhat problematical. Perhaps our tars were too young in iniquity, and therefore each thought proper to keep a strict watch over his messmate. The elder was below rummaging and tumbling over the remnant of the spoil ; and the lad, finding it the most convenient position to observe what was going forward in the hold, laid himself flat upon the deck, with his head over the hatchway. Morgan, availing himself of the opportunity, took his station on the side of the vessel, leaning his back against a number of spars, oars, and other useful sticks, which were, as is customary, secured from moving with



ropes encircling the whole. Into this mass he insinuated his hand, and, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the boy, gradually pushed one of the small oars from the mass, till it projected far enough toward the stern for La Rose to release ; a task which he performed most admirably ; but, in his hurry to cross the deck and lay the prize upon the bench on which they had been sitting, he entangled it in the main sheet. Discovery appeared inevitable. The Colonel, who had remained stationary near the head of the vessel, watching Morgan, and whistling a nervous lullaby to quiet his agitation, uttered an involuntary ejaculation between an oath and a groan, which accorded well with his valet's wildness of eye, and foot uplifted with rage which he dared not express. The active Frenchman placing that end of the oar which was at liberty, gently upon a



butter cask, with admirable presence of mind rushed towards the hatchway, and throwing himself beside the boy, began a lively conversation about the value of such things as were below, if they were in France ; and closely engaged his attention, till Morgan had not only extricated the oar, but succeeded in dropping it over the stern into the boat : so that all was ready for their departure ; when the sailor, having satisfied his wants, gave way for the next plunderer, and resumed his station on deck.

In this state matters remained till night came on, when, as the vessel was at anchor, and there was no captain to command, the two sentinels agreed to “ turn in,” and make up for their last night’s watching with the preacher. We have before stated that it was a fine moonlight evening. The dusky red hue of the irregular and precipitous shore,



fringed with rude, stunted, and overhanging bushes and trees, gave it an uncertain form and distance ; it being scarcely possible to discover the line whence the rock boldly rose from the softer bed left visible when the tide was out. One obstacle alone remained, opposing their departure, and that was gradually retiring from view. It was a bank or sand by which the Fanny was completely landlocked ; so that, until the little boat could pass over it, escape was impracticable. It was an anxious time ; poor Morgan availed himself of the delay to seize upon another oar and a boat-hook ; and all three kept their eyes fixed upon the lessening bar, till it appeared like a huge crocodile or alligator, standing in the current, with enough of it's tail hid to allow the little boat a free passage. With throbbing heart and trembling hands, the rope which confined



the boat astern was loosened by the faithful Cambrian, and slowly he towed her alongside. "Now, La Rose," he whispered, "go you gently down into her, that you may help hur master, and hur shall hold the rope till you was both saaf : and then, in two minutes, we shall be in the stream—st—mind you—don't put your hand on the spars, they will rattle—then now, hold fast with your hands as you go down." La Rose had climbed over the rail, and, attending to Morgan's instructions, was in the act of descending into the boat, when a shrill whistle from among the trees on shore arrested their attention ; and, in an instant, the deck was occupied by their persecutors, who recognised in the sound the preconcerted signal of Barrett. La Rose, with characteristic agility, leaped back over the rail ; but not quick enough to escape the eye of a puritan who first



got his head above the hatchway. Morgan lost his presence of mind, and let go the rope; so that the first thing which took the seamen's attention was the boat, floating adrift out of their reach.

The poor Frenchman, having been caught in the fact, was seized as the principal offender, and perhaps would have been treated very roughly, if Morgan had not sturdily walked forward, and taken all blame upon himself. This was more than the Colonel could suffer; and, for the first time, he addressed Lucas:—"As we are all three prisoners, confined without authority, we have an undoubted right to escape, if possible. My servant has acted by my direction, and, consequently, I am answerable for his conduct." Morgan's former behaviour, as we have before observed, had made a favourable impression; and he was immediately released, as well as La



Rose. “‘The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light,’” was the reply which the Colonel received from Lucas, who paused awhile, as if musing, and then continued; “Thou art not to be blamed; nevertheless, thou knowest there is warfare in the land, and that thou and I are on opposite sides.” “That is evident enough,” replied the Colonel. Here a short interruption to their conversation took place, in consequence of the boat’s taking the ground where it was practicable for Barrett to get to it, and he succeeded in so doing, after some difficulty. In the interim, while all eyes were engaged in watching him, Lucas continued in a low voice, and changing his language in a manner which surprised his hearer, whom he had gradually contrived to withdraw from the crowd, “Colonel Powell, the fortune of war is uncertain :



and dreadful enough it is, under any circumstances, among fellow-countrymen. Infatuated as you must be to take arms for the support of tyranny, violence, and oppression, it is my wish that you should be treated with respect ; and, for that purpose, it is necessary that you should give me your parole of honour that you will not attempt to escape."

" And pray, Sir, if I may be so bold," answered the Colonel, " who may you be ? for this is the third time that you have changed your tone during our short acquaintance. It is not usual to give a parole of honour to a stranger—or," (hesitating) " to one who has no commission but the wild dictates of a heated imagination." " True," replied Lucas, " true—" biting his lips ; " I am by birth and education, Sir, a gentleman like yourself—my prospects have been as flattering ; my—but no matter ; the



full cup of bitterness have I emptied to the dregs — persecuted — hunted by night and by day—driven by necessity—stung by injustice — on Heaven will I call, and on earth will I labour, without ceasing, till the oppressors are brought down — yea, humbled to the dust.” There was a wildness and rapidity in the speaker’s tone, when uttering these words, which changed to a resolute determined manner as he continued: “ You have seen, you have heard enough of who and what I am to convince you that my hand and heart go together : \* and, for my authority—look there,” pointing to his followers. The Colonel, smiling, replied that, under existing circumstances, it was one that could not be dis-

A similar reply was made by Cornet Joyce to King Charles, when he was deputed by Cromwell to bring his Majesty from Holmby to the army.



puted ; and, after a few words, finding that better terms were unattainable, he passed his word to accompany the banditti to Gloucester, or, should that place be taken, to the head quarters of some superior officer in the Parliament's army ; till which time his parole bound him not to attempt escaping from, or fighting against, Lucas and his followers. This treaty was concluded as Barrett came alongside in the boat, from which he ascended with much self-complacency to the deck, without deigning to reply to any of the numerous questions put to him by his comrades. " Well, brother, how hath it been with thee ?" asked Lucas, advancing : " thou seemest faint ; let some one bring forth the wine." While the spy was stamping three or four times on the deck, to shake off the dirt which had adhered to him when getting to the boat, and blowing to recover him-



self after the exertion of rowing against a rapid tide, the brandy bottle, which the unfortunate Jenkins had commenced by drinking his Majesty's health, was produced, and emptied with good wishes to Colonel Massey, who had the command at Gloucester, which the King and all his army were gone to attack. Barrett likewise informed them that Newnham was in the King's hands, and consequently any attempts to proceed up the Severn was out of the question.

All necessary preparations having been made for decamping, no time was lost. Each man had contrived, under the direction of Lucas, to secure his portion of worldly goods, in a bundle which was fastened somewhat in the same manner that a knapsack is strapped between the shoulders. This precaution enabled them to carry additional arms for the use of their brethren in the



wilderness ; and when the first boat-load moved off from the vessel's side, gave them, in the moonlight, the appearance of regular troops. The three prisoners went in the second party ; and when the whole were supposed to be disembarked, Jenkins was first missed. As no one had seen him, it was of course conjectured that he must have been left on board by mistake. A quantity of tar, tow, and sticks, had been placed in the hold, and a similar pile in the after-part of the cabin ; so that nothing remained but to set fire and leave the Fanny to her fate. " And now, brethren," said Lucas, " ye whose dwelling hath been in ships, return ye, and bring away the faint-hearted wretch, after ye have lighted the sacrifice, that the spoil fall not into the hands of the Philistines. To you, brother," turning to Gatto, the mate, " entrust we the important charge, for



thy zeal hath been great." Gatto hesitated, and looked sheepishly on the ground for a few seconds—then whistled, and turned half-round towards where his old messmates of the Fanny stood a minute before; but they had slunk back into the rear. Scratching his head, at length, and lifting up his cap on one side, he stammered, "'Twas three years, you see, off and on, that hur has sailed in the Fanny: and, indeed to goodness—take her from stem to stern—many's the gale—dark as pitch—crash, splash—up and down—always ready—answer the helm—near the wind—taut as a bottle—no, d——n me," he at last sobbed out, throwing his cap on the ground with one hand, while he drew the other arm, from elbow to wrist, across his eyes, "no, d——n me, if hur would set fire to hur old birth—no—not if they would mak hur purser of a man



of war." We have already observed, that, when the puritans were first taken on board, two of the company were discovered to be seamen, and were employed to assist in heaving the anchor. Gatto had previously taken an opportunity of requesting them to undertake the unpleasant office now thrust upon him: but, for reasons which they did not choose to make known, they thought proper to appear unwilling. As matters now stood, the task necessarily became theirs, as no other person in company understood the management of a boat, except Gatto's former messmates, who were affected with similar scruples. Griffith and Howells were what is commonly called able-bodied seamen: the former told his plan, which was, to get the Fanny further out into the stream; that, when burnt to the water's edge, she might sink in deep water; for, where



she now lay, he said, half the goods might be saved next tide. Accordingly they went on board, and found the unfortunate Jenkins more dead than alive. "Come you up," cried Griffith, "unless you was for being burnt alive." "Oh! that I was never born," groaned Jenkins. "Come on deck now directly, will you?" answered Griffith; "the fore-sail will take her head round, Howells; yo ho—that's right—she'll not feel the tide much till she clears the long sand." These sounds roused the Captain. "Na'am o'God, what was you about?" "You'll see presently," replied Howells. "Where's the axe?" cried his companion. "Here—now then, Howells—put the helm hard down—that's right—curse this shivering jib—hurra—now she fills—here goes:" and three strokes of the axe severed the Fanny's cable. Released from her anchor, the little vessel



receded a few yards with the tide, in a parallel line with the shore, when, as Griffith had foretold, the foresail bore her head round, and she glided out towards the centre of the river, which is at that place more than a mile across. Howells stood at the helm, while Griffith kept a look-out a-head, till they had cleared one of those long shifting sands so frequent in wide and rapid streams. "Come, Captain Jenkins, bear a hand here!" cried the latter, as soon as the point was astern; "let her drift, Howells, while we hoist the mainsail; come, Captain—hold on here." Jenkins doggedly put his hands behind him; and, seating himself on the cabin-window, replied, between his teeth, "Hur wouldn't touch a rope to save hur life:" then, first casting his eyes for a moment up towards Heaven, he rivetted them upon a point of the deck, and continued



silent, biting his lips ; and, like a criminal whose head is upon the block, summoning all his energies to meet the impending blow. In this state things remained for the space of a minute, during which the two seamen exchanged a significant smile ; and then Griffith walked up with an erect and lofty air, and addressed him in a loud voice, "Holla, Captain Davy • Jenkins—look up, mun—don't you know who was speaking to you?" "Not I," replied Jenkins, looking up in evident alarm ; "not I—only that you was one of them—them," continued he, creeping away from the sailor as much as the nature of his position would allow. "Them!" cried Griffith, "them! what? speak out, mun." "'Twas no matters," said Jenkins. "Look up in my face, mun—will ye," said the other, "ay, now—look you—don't you remember me?" "Not



more than all the rest of you—hur shall remember you all as long as hur lives,” was the reply. “What! can’t you recollect old Rachael Griffith’s son? she that kept the little shop at Pengwerne, and moved afterwards to Llangoyvelach? many’s the box of speckled sope and bale of shelf-goods you did bring her from Bristow, in the old Betsey, that went on the Newfoundland trade.” “She was an honest woman,” replied the Captain, “and ’twas the bigger shame for her son——” Here he was arrested by fear, and dare not proceed. “Hur didn’t know—look you,” continued Griffith, “what kind of folk they was ashore—and to see merchandize all trod under foot—Oh! it put me in mind of my poor mother that’s dead and gone—she did have all so nice and smooth, and clean and neat, look you:—but, ’twas no use vexing—so, old boy, as the



wind sets that way, and plenty of it—when the tide ebbs, what say you about it?—I'm for easing off the mainsheet, hoisting the squaresail, and away she flies then, you know, gunnel to, for Swansea."

Jenkins, electrified, jumped upon his legs, and uttered a yell of delight, threw his arms round Griffith, then began capering about the deck, but soon fell, exhausted by his feelings, on the cable-coil, and blubbered like a child. It appeared afterwards, that, during their short voyage back, his agitation of mind was so great, that, if he had been allowed to have the management of the *Fanny*, every stitch of canvass would have been hoisted in the Severn, and she would have been in as much peril by earth, air, and water, as she had escaped from by fire. Moreover, he was hailed by a boat from Aust, to put some passengers on board, if he was



bound for Swansea, as they supposed by seeing him go up the river the day before; but, instead of bringing to, he shook his head, and, holding the tiller-rope firmer in his hand, as the Fanny rushed before the wind, shot by the astonished boatmen, who had anticipated thanks and a morning's draught at least for their pains.

The party on shore, with Gatto and his messmates, watched the first movements of Griffith and Howells with delight; for, independent of the contemplated work of destruction, there was something imposing and picturesque in the scene. It was one of those wild nights when the clouds, few in number, fly swiftly through the heavens, causing an occasional momentary dimness in the moon-beams, and giving to all nature an agitation and life that forms a fine contrast with the clear, calm, and cloudless



majesty, with which that orb sometimes reigns in silent dignity through the night, when her beams "sleep sweetly" on all around, and

"Tip with silver all those fruit-tree tops."

Gatto looked with glistening eyes of admiration and regret as the little vessel swung round, and her white sail swelled in the breeze. "They was no lubbers aboard," he said to Ambrose as she passed the sand-bank. The boat was then hauled alongside by Howells to prevent suspicion, and lay hid in the shade. "There goes the boat—they will leave her now." All eyes were fixed upon the Fanny, expecting every instant to see the flames burst forth—she receded quietly. "They can never fetch this point with the boat, indeed, as the tide runs now," said Gatto; "they're hoisting the mainsail," said the boy, whose sharp eyes discerned

\* Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice.



Griffith by the mast. "Then they're mad," replied Gatto, "to talk of her sinking in deep water." The true state of the case was, however, very soon apparent to the seamen ; for the Fanny was brought up on the opposite side of the river to wait for the returning tide ; while the rest of the company intently continued stretching their eyes, like children on the 5th of November, for the expected bonfire. In spite of his conversion, and having become one of the "host of the Lord," Gatto could not help feeling an inward delight at the escape of "the tightest little spanker that ever carried a yard of canvass ;" and perhaps his messmates sympathized with him ; for, though they saw clearly all that passed, not a word was uttered that could excite suspicion on the part of their companions. "What can detain them so long ?" at length asked Lucas ;



“surely I saw every thing prepared : and a spark only was wanting to kindle the consuming fire.” “They did take a lighted match with them in the boat,” said one of his followers ; and beside, there was brimstone ones on board made with sticks.” “There’ll be no fire to-night,” exclaimed the sailor-boy, proud to show his knowledge ; “hur old master and they two chaps’ll think of turning in presently—you see.” “Its too true,” said Gatto ; and procceded to explain to his leader the ground on which he formed his conclusion that the prize had slipped through their hands. Some would not at first believe that their companions could act in such a manner : and others gave way to loud execrations, which soon became general. Lucas advanced to the front ; and, pointing towards the spot where the vessel lay in security, addressed his followers :



“The Lord’s ways, my brethren, are not as our ways—we poor weak-sighted mortals vainly imagined that those sons of Belial were of the true Israel of God. Let us be thankful that this chosen band is freed from such mock-worshippers; and admire the Providence which has favoured us, like the chosen people in the wilderness and in the Red Sea. We have spoiled the Egyptians: and this day we have seen the ungodly, even those who have now departed ‘from us, because they were not of us,’ we have seen them employed in the arts of navigation which we understood not—thus, brethren, it appears that they were instruments in the Lord’s hands of doing his work—they stayed not, let us be thankful, to contaminate the flock. De-luded miserable wretches, the love of filthy lucre hath blinded their eyes—Satan hath dominion over them, and they



are now rushing into the jaws of destruction ; for there is no faith with the wicked—of them will be required that which hath fallen into our hands. Cruel is the rod of the oppressors. ‘ They shall lay hold on bow and spear ; they are cruel, and have no mercy ; their voice roareth like the sea ; and they ride upon horses, set in array as men for war against thee, O daughter of Zion.’ ” \*

At the end of an harangue, to which the above was an exordium or text, the party set forward on their progress through the wilderness, a name which appeared more than usually suitable to their line of march. Barrett, as guide, led the van ; and, directed by no track, wound his sinuous path amid the intricacies of the forest, with the steadiness of a bloodhound upon the scent.



A single cavalier was imprudently returning towards Newnham after a convivial night, at the moment when they were about to cross the high-road. Barrett had observed him at a distance ; and, as he rode quickly past, fired one of his pistols : the horseman checked his steed for a moment, but another bullet flew past from a different part of the dark plantation ; and the rustling among the leaves convinceing him that he was exposed to numbers, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped off along the road. A steady aim taken by a musqueteer sent a ball after him ; and the regular firm clatter of shoes was instantly changed for a halting weak sound, that told of the poor animal's misfortune, to the great merriment of those who had so valiantly put a cavalier to flight, and sent him limping home. Intemperate party-spirit may be styled the parent of



cruelty. Deeds of wanton barbarity and murder were at this time common throughout the land; and were most frequently committed by roving partizans in bodies, where each man felt his own importance. Lucas took no notice of this transaction—'twas but giving the young hound a scent of blood. The high-road was the only point at which they might have been intercepted; and that once past, the silence in which they had previously marched was changed for boisterous mirth, or the more invigorating practice of singing hymns or songs, containing little else but abuse against the tyrants of the earth—the pope or antichrist, bishops, &c. &c. but which, notwithstanding, they denominated “singing to the praise and glory of God.”



## CHAPTER XV.

THE shades of the forest grew deeper, and every object became less distinct as the wanderers penetrated further into the interior, until the amusement of singing became a duty, and was continued without ceasing, for the purpose of keeping the company together. Having, when walking in the rear, received a rude hint from one of his captors that he was watched closely, the Colonel chose to march in the van guard; and after two hours' walking with Barrett, Lucas, and three or four stragglers, ascended rugged sloping ground until they attained a height sufficient to allow the beams of the moon, which was about to set, to fall upon an open space that they



were skirting on the left, under the ancient trees by which it was encircled.

“ You shall soon be among friends now,” said Barrett ; “ look at the top of the hill, where the wood does look so black, at the end of this warren common.” “ It is well,” said Lucas, stepping out from the shade into the open space ; “ if we should, peradventure, be detained, and be compelled to pitch our tents in the wilderness ; the brethren may here receive instruction how to use the weapons which Providence hath so bountifully put into their hands, as instruments of defence and vengeance against the oppressors.” “ Aye, and if they do choose to shoot at any mark,” replied Barrett, “ see there—and there,” pointing at the numerous rabbits frisking in the moonbeams ; “ they need not want something to eat. We may go right across now we have passed that pit.” They accord-



ingly ascended in the open heath ; at the extremity of which Lucas seated himself upon a small eminence, and his example was quickly followed by the Colonel and his companions. The fore-ground, or warren, over which they had just passed, was dimly silvered by the moon, then sinking into the waters of the Bristol Channel, which, in the distance, was only to be distinguished from the blue expanse of heaven by the eclipse which its horizontal line was drawing over the bright enlarged globe apparently falling into its bosom. Before them passed the Severn, at intervals gleaming in the distance ; and between, at their feet, lay the dark forest, along which and the shore rolled misty clouds, forming an annulus round each elevated point. The singing continued in the valley, but appeared to wind round the hill. Lucas sat unconsciously gazing on the scene



before him, completely lost in some reverie, until the last speck of the luminary which had lighted them on their way sank into darkness. "And *we* are at our journey's end," he then exclaimed, starting on his legs. "The sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon; 'the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.' \* *Our* pilgrimage is ended, and she has sunk to rest." "They was going wrong," said Barrett, as the sound of voices became fainter among the trees. This recalled his director from visionary to worldly concerns. The host of the Lord had evidently gone astray during his mental absence; and immediate recourse was had to psalmody, which, as their companions were roaming to leeward, soon effected the purpose of guid-



ing them up the hill. To a mind at ease the scene would have been interesting; and La Rose told Morgan that it reminded him of a hunting party at Fontainebleau, where they shouted, sung, and halloed to each other, for the purpose of driving the game before them; but the prospect was not so fine—nor the trees so large—nor the singing so good—nor the men “*si honnete* ;” in short, that it was altogether “*beaucoup plus superbe et magnifique en France.*” The host at length assembled on the hill top; from whence, as soon as the correctness of their numbers was ascertained, they were led by Lucas and Barrett through a deep and gloomy path, which, at a sudden turn, after descending for about a hundred yards, led them into a hollow, on the sloping sides of which stood several small huts, and people and lights were seen moving in the interior. Secluded



and barbarous as the place would otherwise have appeared, these busy signs of preparation for expected guests gave to the whole a liveliness which affected even the bosoms of the captives with a sensation of pleasure. The recurrence of the common wants of nature ought to be, and we are told have been in some cases, sufficient to convince even kings and heroes that they are but men. Our travellers had long been importuned by the cravings of nature for rest and refreshment. The arrival of any sudden and heavy calamity usually occasions a total indifference respecting all surrounding comforts. Loss of appetite is a matter of course, and equally so is its return: at least, such was the experience of Colonel Powell, after a day of anxiety and fasting, and a fatiguing march through the forest.

The whole company stood in the



Bottom of the hollow space, which appeared to be an old forsaken quarry, or pit, the sides having fallen, in process of time, in such a manner as nearly to destroy all vestiges of man's former labour. The huts were, consequently, above and around them, excepting at the narrow pass through which they entered. A thick and lofty wood surrounded the whole, giving it the appearance of ten-fold depth. A shout from Barrett was immediately answered by the busy inmates of this recess, who issued with torches and lighted dry boughs, for the purpose of showing their guests the winding and zig-zag paths leading to their habitations, which were seven in number, and all provided with blazing coal and wood fires. On a landing-place, or platform, in front of the two centre huts, Lucas was welcomed by a square-built lanky figure, somewhat above the middle



size. A couple of torches, one on each side, showed him to be between sixty and seventy; and his remaining grey hair, closely cut all round the head, but suffered to grow in the full plenitude of nature's rugged wildness upon the upper lip, proclaimed at once the round head and military character. Extending his hand towards Lucas, he exclaimed, " ' Come in, thou blessed of the Lord : wherefore standest thou without ? for I have prepared the house ; ' \* therefore come thou in, and they that be with thee, and let thy wants be supplied---for there is no lack ; and we have all things in common, as in the old time, agreeable to the word of truth, before man's inventions usurped the place of revealed wisdom."

Whether the fatigue he had undergone produced a lassitude, or that his spirit

Genesis xxiv. 31.



felt inferiority in the presence of the speaker, Lucas made no reply, but proceeded into the house, followed by his host and the host of the Lord. The two huts were separated by a wall, through which there was a door of communication left open on the present occasion, for the convenience of so large a party. Tables were placed ready in each apartment, and it was not long before they were most substantially covered with provisions, which had been cooked in the adjacent huts. The company beginning to scramble to their seats first presented Colonel Powell to their new leader's eye, which instantaneously flashed with fire at the black and gold armour, point lace ruff, and rich embroidered gloves, worn so generally then by persons of rank. The Colonel's eye haughtily met his, and a hectic flush came and went upon the old man's cheek ; his hand was firmly



clenched, as though he grasped a sword, and he involuntarily had advanced his left foot, and was assuming a threatening attitude, before he recollected their relative situation : then, apparently struck with shame, he approached the Colonel, and, in a tone and manner plainly indicating familiarity with far different society to that surrounding them, said : “ Your pardon, Sir, I crave, for having been guilty of momentary and involuntary rudeness. I was informed that we had a prisoner, but knew nothing of his rank.” “ He was a colonel,” cried one of the Welchmen officiously. “ Perhaps,” continued the old man, “ you may not feel disposed to sit down with our people ; and, if not, a separate table is at your service at one of the neighbouring cottages, and you shall not want any attendance which it is in my power to procure.” “ Thank you,” replied the



Colonel distantly, for the furious glance of the speaker had made an unfavourable impression not to be effaced by an act of common courtesy, "I have my own servant;" and, turning on his heel, left the hut, followed by Morgan and La Rose; by whose assistance he soon found himself supplied with far more than the wants of nature called for. The latter was peculiarly serviceable, getting, by activity, and the pretence of waiting upon the guests in the united cottages, many little accommodations, which use renders almost necessary to the child of fortune. Venison, mutton, beef, and poultry, "the spoil of the Egyptians," were dressed in profusion; and the Frenchman hearing something said of wines which were brought from the Bishop of Gloucester's palace, at the Vineyards, when it was taken by Sir William Waller, from Lord Herbert's men, who



held it for the King, gave the circumstance an attentive ear; and knowing from experience how to discover the choicest wine by the outside as well as the contents of a bottle, he contrived to supply the Colonel's table in a very superior style. The main body of the company appeared, from the boisterous sounds of mirth which issued from their banqueting rooms, to enjoy themselves excessively. After supper, a long prayer, or "grace after meat," was pronounced by one of the party, in a loud monotonous tone; which, in the dead silence of night, operated most powerfully as a lullaby to the Colonel's repose. Sleep had nearly covered him over, as Sancho Panza says, like a mantle, when he was roused by the singing, or rather bellowing, of a hymn in full chorus.

When that act of self-imposed duty, the offering, as they said, of grateful



hearts, was performed by the puritans, they dispersed for the night, throwing their weary limbs on the cottage floors with a recklessness of hardship which made the Colonel, for the first time, observe, that of such materials the best troops might be formed. Half displeased with himself for the remark, he then heavily turned in the pallet which Morgan had secured for his accommodation ; but “ they have no officers,” thought he ; and a self-complacent smile stole over, and soothed him to his slumbers.

The next morning, as Morgan and La Rose were engaged in preparations for their master’s breakfast, Gatto came up to the former, and, with a countenance of pretended sorrow, while his eye glistened with joy, said, “ So the Fanny’s gone back to Abertawy—hur was on the hill-top, look you, at peep of day, and watched, and watched—and the fogs did



roll and roll—and at last, just when she was going, you see, behind the high land about Lidney, the fog was gone by, and there was the Fanny—the sun was then up, and there was a beam right over the land, through all the fogs on t’other side the river, that came full upon her white mainsail. She’s by the old chapel and Sherston rock long ago.” “It is all very well, Mr. Gatto, what’s your naam,” replied Morgan; “you shall see that you was got into a worse ship very soon, mind you that. Old Jenkins was a fool, and a coward to boot; but, indeed, he would have gone right enough of his own accord, if he was but let alone. Did you ever ride on horseback?” “Aye,” replied Gatto, doggedly; “what of that? I’m no great horseman, or jockey, as you do call them; but a sailor will always stick on somehow.” “Well, look you,” continued Morgan, “Jenkins



was like a dull horse—very well—if you had stayed at his back it would have been better—you should not have been here, mayhap—but—very well—it is all your own business—but, look you, you shall find that you was, as it were, got upon a wild horse's back, that shall play you devil's tricks—but—'tis no matter—'tis none of hur business." Thus saying, he ascended, by a narrow path, into the plantation which surrounded the huts, loaded with provisions that he had been carefully placing, during the conversation, on the bottom of a low stool reversed, and wrapping the whole in his upper cloak : La Rose followed him with some bottles ; and Gatto, left alone, muttered a wish that he was on the look-out from the Fanny's windward bow, for she must be making the Denny by that time, and bearing away merrily.

The Colonel awoke in the morning



amid smoke and dirt, in a small apartment, which he shared in common with half-a-dozen of his keepers, who lay sleeping on the floor, while an aged woman was kindling a fire of dry sticks. Oppressed with the heat, and the sudden return into captivity, after wandering in freedom, during his repose, from Pen-leon to Oxford, about London, visiting Prince Rupert, taking Gloucester, &c. he walked into the fresh air. The "incense-breathing morn," and the arrangements made by Morgan and La Rose, soon dissipated all gloomy fancies. It appeared that the belt of trees which surrounded his place of confinement, though embodied in the rest of the wood on every other side, served only as a screen toward the east, separating the hollow from a large extent of rugged chase, dotted with thorn bushes, and here and there an old oak, stretching its



decayed branches, as if in supplication. Such was the fore-ground immediately below the spot where his attendants had thought proper to prepare breakfast, beneath the shade of a beech-tree, which stood sufficiently removed from the mass to allow of a most extensive view towards the north, as well as the eastern point. Beyond the outlines of the forest, which were difficult to be discerned amid the general luxuriance of the scene, appeared the lofty cathedral and city of Gloucester, on a level with the serpentine course of the Severn, the thick smoke scarcely ascending from the house tops. Stretching far away to the northward, innumerable orchards covered the land, decked in the pride of many-coloured autumn : still the Severn was at intervals seen, splendidly shining, like some huge snake amid the verdure, while on his banks proudly stood the magnificent



church of Tewkesbury, a memorial of Norman power and wealth ; and further to the left, as if in haughty mockery of human grandeur, the venerable Malvern hills reared their summits to the clouds. Bredon hills, in the back ground, as the eye returned southward, sank into comparative insignificance ; and the numerous other elevations, and varied appearance of the distant land, served to perplex and amuse the Colonel's mind in guessing what and where they could be. For half an hour he lost sight of all his troubles, and sat in the full enjoyment of

The church at Tewkesbury was originally the palace of Dodo, Duke of Mercia, where "he kept his royal court," and turned by him into a church. Being, in process of time, "ruinated," it was re-edified by Robert Fitz Haimon, the Norman, in such a style, that William of Malmsbury writes, "The beauty of the buildings ravished the eyes, and the charity of the monks allured the hearts of all folke." Vide Camden.



health, pure air, a good appetite, a fine extensive prospect, and a breakfast table rendered perplexingly tempting by La Rose's anxiety to display his talents in the 'savoir vivre.'

"Well, Morgan," he said, after having enjoyed himself for some minutes in silence, "considering that this adventure is not exactly of our own seeking, methinks we have little to complain of. There lies Gloucester with the King's army before it most likely, if not in possession; for Massey told Colonel Leg's man, that if the King came himself, the city should not be kept against him; \* but, we shall see when the mists are more dispersed." "It was happy for your honour to be resigned—'twas a sad change—prisoner or not, 'twas not much matters, if we did but have respectable com-



pany, you sec—fortune does go upon a wheel, they do say, and the fortune of war mayhap is like the rest—if your honour had only one real gentleman to keep you company.” “Never mind, Morgan, it will not be for long; and, even if Gloucester should hold out a little while for form’s sake, we shall have a visit here, or I’m much mistaken, from some of our friends; for Sir Williamavasour, who has now the command for Wales and Monmouthshire, will most likely be taking charge of this side of the city; and our entertainers range about in foraging, you sec,” cutting a slice of venison, “rather too widely not to meet with a brush before long.” “The tevil himself would never find us out here,” said Morgan, with a deep sigh. “Not if he is alarmed at praying and singing,” replied his master. “Je suis bien fâché,” muttered La Rose, advancing with two



sheep's kidneys, which he had been toasting on a wooden skewer. "I am ver sorry, Sare, mais il my dere is not de sauce—dere is noting to make him wid," and, looking dolefully on the wooden trencher as he placed it on the plank which served as a table, shrugged up his shoulders, turned upon his heel, and, after taking a step or two, clasped his hands, exclaiming, "Mon dieu ! quel pays—comme ils sont barbares—point de sance !" "What was the matter with you, La Rose?" asked Morgan, stepping up to him. "Rien—dat is noting," replied the Frenchman, "only I foun de rognons trown away, and den was oblige to do dem à la brochette—dem people is all eat—eat—cram—stoff—all wid raw meat." "They did have plenty of mustard, however, last night," observed Morgan ; "and look you," pointing to Tewkesbury, "there, you do see that



great tower and square-looking high plas—very well—there you shall find more mustard, you see, than was in France altogether.” “ Ah ! mon ami,” replied La Rose, “ but, vat is dat ? en France—voyons,” beginning to reckon on his fingers, “ il y’a—dere is, de tomatte—de lof apple is de same—de champignon—de truffe—l’huile toujours — herb of ten tousan sort,” &c. &c. While La Rose, with his whole soul apparently interested deeply in the subject, was continuing a catalogue of names, which, to the uninitiated in “ les delices des gourmands,” would have formed a fit counterpart for the boasted pedigree of Rees Price, Morgan’s attention was rivetted to a movement which he fancied was of a military nature at Gloucester. The body of smoke which hung upon and near that city rendered it impossible, at the distance of seven miles, to discern accurately any ob-



ject ; but the power of the sun-beam had raised and separated some masses from the main body, which, passing away to the north-west, gave hopes that the place would soon lose the whole of its misty canopy. The breeze sung once or twice in his ear with the vibration of a bugle ; but, from a garrison, that was not surprising. Suddenly the well-known roar of a distant volley roused the Colonel from his *al fresco* repast. The high-mettled steed, who has gallantly led the field, and brought his rider in at the death, after many a hard run, when pent upon the hill side within fences which he cannot overleap, beholds and hears hound, and horse, and man, rushing in full cry along the valley below, with feelings similar to what were felt by the Cambrian patrician on this occasion. In vain the noble animal, furiously lashing the ground, spurns the sword under his



fect, and scours the confines of his verdant prison—his nostrils and starting eyes appear to emit smoke and flashes of fire—his neighing is heard in the valley, and the thunder of his hoofs along the hill. A corresponding intensity of feeling spread through the Colonel's frame ; his blood seemed to boil within him ; and, consciously possessed of high health, strength, and military skill, the reflection served only to heighten the bitterness of his lot, so wretchedly cast, where they were all unavailing, and tantalized by the knowledge that, at that critical moment, any would have been useful. In vain the eye attempted to penetrate the dun veil which concealed the combatants—the discharge of cannon was heard at intervals ; and, occasionally, a sound which the listeners concluded to be shouting. Every pulse in the Colonel's body throbbed with redoubled force ; and the blood



started from his upper lip, convulsively pressed between his firm-set teeth. Morgan beheld with pain his master's agitation; but had too much natural good sense and propriety of feeling to attempt any consolatory observations at such a juncture; and, drawing La Rose aside, they both retired some paces to the rear of the Colonel, who stood erect with folded arms, gazing upon the dense cloud from whence the thunders issued. All three were silent. On a sudden a boisterous shout was heard behind them; and the place was instantly covered with their companions of the previous day, who, having heard the firing, were conducted by their landlords of the forest to the old one beech knoll, being the best place to see the sport. "There they be—hard at it," cried one, as he bounced with a hop, skip, and a jump, from the wood. "I thart az how I



ard a viring," said another Gloucestershire man. " I'ze wonder if they be viring hat barls t' marning ?" \* " Dang un, I wish az that vorrainer vellor as the King hires vor to gill his zubjects, ad oon zstuck in 's guts," roared a third, and a hoarse laugh went round, as they threw themselves upon the turf, without noticing the Colonel, whom their barbarous irruption recalled to arouse himself, perhaps more suddenly than any other event could have done. In a moment he seemed to recover self-possession ; he was surrounded by men too low to be the subjects of his present notice, yet, who were too powerful, and might be too useful, for him not to wish the retaining of their respect ; and, aware of the probable coarse interpretation which they might

\* Red-hot bullets were used by Prince Rupert at the siege of Gloucester. Vide De Larry Hist. de Charles I. ; and Rushworth.



give to a precipitate retreat at such a crisis, he restrained his feelings sufficiently to walk leisurely along the brow of the knoll ; and then, turning into the wood, he lost the sound of their offensive clamour, and left them in possession of the field.

It was discovered afterwards by some of their scouts, that one of those desperate sallies which were frequently made from the city upon the King's quarters had that day taken place, with the usual result of much bloodshed on either side, and both claiming the advantage.

Seated on the stump of a fallen tree, the Colonel sat listening in mute attention to the sounds proceeding from the field of action, which he yet beheld through an opening among the trees, that appeared to have been made by lopping away numerous branches be-



tween him and the open ground; so that, from the darkness of the wood, and through a long extent of rustling shade, the city of Gloucester appeared at a distance in the glare of mid-day. Violent paroxisms are seldom lasting; and his spirits had subsided into a fit of melancholy abstraction, when he was roused by a footstep approaching the place of his seclusion, and, in a few seconds, old Simon Ayscough, the person who appeared to be major domo of the fanatic establishment, stood before him; he was clad in a long loose dark crimson gown lined with green, and confined carelessly about the middle with a broad buff-leather military belt, to which was annexed the appendage now whimsically denominated a sword "carriage," but without the weapon it was destined to sustain—a black velvet scull-cap covered his head,



and his right hand held a book, which he had brought into the wood for the sake of retirement, and purposed meditating upon in his favourite spot, which, to his surprise, was pre-occupied. Embarrassment was on the countenance of both, for each thought himself an intruder. There was a semblance to pettiness of persecution, according to the old man's fancy, in thus seeming to hunt a prisoner from his interval of repose: and the Colonel would have preferred any part of the forest, rather than the seat which, it was now apparent, he must retain in peevish dudgeon, or feel indebted to his jailor for an act of complaisance, inasmuch as the direct movement which the latter had made towards him solved the problem of the vista, which was terminated by the view of the besieged and "godly



city" of Gloucester. The Colonel rose and was about to retire, but was detained by old Ayscough's request that he would not disturb himself. "Had I

So called by two messengers who were sent to answer the King's summons. Clarendon says, these men had "lean, pale, sharp, and bad visages; indeed faces so strange and unusual, and in such a garb and posture, that made the most severe countenances merry, and *vice versa*." "The men without any circumstances of good manners, in a pert, shrill, undismayed accent, said that they had brought an answer from the godly city of Gloucester, and were so ready to give insolent and seditious answers, as if their business were chiefly to provoke the King to violate his own safe conduct." "As soon as the messengers returned, without attending to see what the King had resolved, all the suburbs of the city, in which were very fair and large buildings, well inhabited, were set on fire." Vol. ii. p. 243. Rushworth gives the name of one of these messengers, Serjeant-Major Pudsey. Vide Historical Collection, part iii. vol. ii. p. 287.



known you were here," said he, "my walk would have been taken in some other direction—far be it from me to embitter the moments of a captive." "This is evidently the accustomed seat of some one," replied the prisoner; "most likely yours." "My son," continued the old man, "I have long since ceased, by God's mercy, to sacrifice truth to empty complaisance—nevertheless, here are two seats," thrusting aside some leafy branches which hid the trunk of another tree, and seating himself upon it; "and this shall be mine this morning for half an hour, whether the other be occupied or not." Had the cavalier been thus addressed by a puritan in London, or any place where other society was to be had, he would have turned upon his heel; but adversity has powerful sway over the mind; and a captive in the forest views things with



different eyes from a soldier at liberty, and giddy with promotion. The olive-branch was proffered, and he accepted it. Having resumed his seat, the old man began a conversation. "Perhaps, my son, you may think that, at my age, it is somewhat late to be thus actively engaged?" (The Colonel bowed assent.) "I am one of whom it may be said, 'He hath been called at the eleventh hour.' The grace of God is all powerful; and chains, and persecution, and bondage—banishment and imprisonment, were the means which he used to bend my stiff neck, and soften the heart of stone that was within me. In me was indeed verified that which was written by the Psalmist: 'The wrath of man shall praise thee! the remainder thereof shalt thou restrain.'" \* We are



are all influenced by personal appearance: and the Colonel beheld in the speaker a noble human structure rendered venerable by age, but without any symptom of decay; strong features, which might have appeared coarse in youth, now accorded well with the iron-like points of an almost colossal figure; while the lambent gleam of his eye, shining from behind thick, overhanging, rugged, grey eyebrows, told of their original lustre. From such a figure he endured the listening to a tale of his conversion, delivered in appropriate language; and, recollecting how irritable he had been but two days before towards Lucas, flattered himself that he was growing wiser. Prone indeed are we to attribute our actions to any but the real motives. If Lucas had been before him in that bower, uttering the same words, the same disgust and



indignation which he experienced on board the Fanny would have returned, though, from policy, his conduct might have been different. It is true that there was occasionally some interesting matter in the old man's tale; but it was most provokingly interwoven with his "experience" in spiritual things, his "dying unto sin," "awakenings," "backslidings," &c. &c. upon many of which points he dwelt somewhat longer than appeared to be absolutely necessary; probably from the hope of gaining a proselyte, or "rousing the sinner to a sense of his fallen condition and the vanity of earthly things." Of the latter, Simon Ayscough had experienced many proofs. Born of parents belonging to the then unfortunate, despised, and persecuted sect of puritans; when he arrived at years of discretion he threw off the trammels imposed by education;



and, feeling nothing within that corresponded with their "longings and breathings of soul," scorned to wear a mask, and profess sensations which he knew not, or doctrines which he did not believe. But, alas, the spirit of man is illiberal when engaged in a party; and it was his lot to be viewed with suspicion, both by the high church and puritan factions; so that for many years he led the life of a flying-fish, unacknowledged by any party. Then came persecution, which weaned him from his country—exasperated to madness, he dared to speak disrespectfully of the ruling powers: and stripes, public shame, and imprisonment, became his portion.\* When re-

\* During the reign of James I, Edward Flood called the Queen of Bohemia, Goodwife Palsgrave; for which he was sentenced to the pillory, whipped, branded in the forehead, fined five thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned for life.



leased, he fled to his brethren in affliction who had settled in Holland, and acquired some military knowledge, which, by study and application, he increased sufficiently to obtain employment from the Dutch Government, who were then, by the aid of British officers principally, new modelling their army against an anticipated attack from the Spaniards. From thence he became a wanderer in the new world, and an active leader of the desperate settlers in the bloody wars of extermination against the Indians. That kind of service taught him well the duties which were now likely to devolve upon him, as the chief of an irregular and wandering band of adventurers; and having, to use his own confession, "returned like a sheep to the flock from which he had so long strayed," his religious experience and instruction, added to his age and dignity



of appearance, secured him the confidence, respect, and obedience, of his followers. At the end of his narrative, the Colonel ventured to ask him if he conceived it possible for a small band, living so much at large as his men did, to remain long undiscovered in a country which was scoured in all directions, and possessed by the King's troops? "It was in our possession," replied Ayscough, "till the siege began; and for want of men, Colonel Massey was obliged to call a party into the garrison, who before held the wine-yard and two sconces on the Isle of Alney.\* If we could have kept them, our communication with the city would have been open, notwithstanding Sir William Vavasour's troops here, or Ruthen's leaguer on the south. As it is, however, we know



tolerably well what passes," he continued, with a sarcastic smile. "The King went to Oxford last Wednesday, and returned on Friday. He'll not do so next week, or I'm much mistaken. They have had some smart skirmishing; and Sir Jacob Astley, who commands on the eastern side of the city, got a ball through his arm. They have two twenty-pounders to-day ready to open on the town from Lanthony: but they intended to try first what two lawyers could do: for my part, I'd rather lead men up to face cannon than palaver: however, the two Masseys and Pudsey, Crisp, Gray, and Faulkner, are all of the right sort.—Poor Marcus! he was a promising sol-

Mr. Bell, of Sandhurst, and Mr. Hill, of Tewkesbury, who went in to represent the great strength of the besiegers, and impossibility of relief, &c. &c.; but all their rhetoric prevailed nothing.—*Rushworth.*



dier, and astonished the besiegers in their trenches in Gaudy Green, carrying off arms, tools, and prisoners; but, alas! he fell three days after in the Friar's orchard by a random shot. Then Constance Ferrer, the Mayor, Brewster, Lugge, Singleton, Hill, and the rest of the citizens, are nearly all blessed with a right view of things; and, above all the rest, the women have taken up the cause: and young and old, wives and maids, employed themselves at the first summons in the little mead, bringing in turf for repairing the works in the face of the King's horse: and one woman, when a granado of 60 pounds' weight fell beside her in the open street, had the presence of mind to throw a pail of water that she was carrying upon it, by which the fuse was extinguished and much mischief prevented.\* "I should

For this anecdote and particulars of the siege of Gloucester, we are principally indebted



have had no idea,' remarked Colonel Powell, "that you could have been so

to Rushworth. The fair sex were by no means calm spectators during the civil war. London was fortified against an attack apprehended from the King's party in 1642: and Butler humourously writes, that our fair countrywomen

" March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
T' intrench the city for defence in :  
Raised ramparts with their own soft hands  
To put the enemy to stands :  
From ladies down to oyster wenches,  
Labour'd, like pioneers, in trenches,  
Fall'n to their pickaxes and tools,  
And help'd the men to dig like moles.  
Have not the handmaids of the city  
Chosen of their members a committee  
For raising of a common purse,  
Out of their wages to raise horse ?  
And do they not, as triers, sit  
To see what officers are fit ?"—*Hudibras.*

On the 9th of August, 1643, about 3000 females, calling themselves "civilly disposed women," with white silk ribbons in their hats,



intimately acquainted with what is passing within a besieged town : your coun-

brought a petition for peace to the House of Commons, to which an assenting reply was delivered by Sir John Hepsley and two or three other members : but they would not disperse ; and increased in number to about 5000, crying out for peace, and behaving riotously, when the trained bands fired blank-cartridge upon them, which only made them more sauey, and call out, " Nothing but powder ;" " Give us that dog Pym," &c. throwing brickbats. At last ten of Waller's troopers, having colours in their hats, came by, whom they called " Waller's dogs," &c. and began to snatch away their cockades, whereupon the men drew their swords, and beat them with the flat sides thereof ; but they would not desist until one woman had her nose cut off, when, seeing blood, they all ran away from the Parliament-House into the church and palace-yards, from whence they were cudgelled with canes by a troop of horse.—*Rushworth*, vol. v. p. 358.

And, in Whitelock's Memorials, it is recorded, that, about the same time as the siege of Gloucester-



try-people can doubtless find pretexts for visiting our lines: but there must be sad negligence somewhere to allow of their penetrating into the town." Old Ayscough smiled, but was silent; being much pleased that his hearer had fallen into an error so likely to operate in raising his opinion of the adversary's military skill. The fact was, that a cannoneer named Hatton had deserted from the town, and related all that passed within to the cavaliers; among whom, some of Ayscough's men were

ter, "Mr. Alexander Carew, a member of Parliament, and governor of Plymouth and of the island there, had a design to betray the town and island to the King. But his own soldiers discovering it, siezed upon their governor, to send him up to the Parliament; and the women were so enraged against him for his perfidiousness, that it was difficult to rescue him from their execution." See Memorials of the English Affairs, p. 68.



daily mixing, dressed as country-people, with vegetables, &c.\* for sale. During their conversation, the sky had become gradually overshadowed by clouds, and the pattering of rain among the leaves warned them to seek a less pervious shelter, and broke up a conference which had much altered Colonel Powell's views of his situation: for, instead of being the captive of men hastily and ignorantly engaged against their Sovereign, and likely to become his prisoners, he found that prudence and the utmost caution were evinced in their movements, and doubted not but that in a few days he should be conveyed to Gloucester. It was a melancholy day; the rain descended in torrents, and the huts were consequently crowded by the whole of their former and newly acquired population; each following the bent of his own fancy. Stretched upon



the ground in small groups, some were reading "Parliament's Reasons for differing with his Majesty," and other political papers: but far the greater proportion deeply entered into the spirit of a warm controversy, sustained by about half a dozen illiterate zealots, the subject of which was, whether those who taught that sanctity of life or good works were an evidence of justification, did not, in reality, support a mere covenant of works? This point was established by Lucas, who maintained, "That the Spirit of God dwelt personally in good men; and by inward revelations and impressions they received the fullest discoveries of the Divine will." \* This

See Robertson's History of America, vol. iv. p. 299. The following extract from that admirable work, strongly exhibits the enthusiasm of the times. When the most considerable body of troops destined to march against the Indians



doctrine had been inculcated some years before in New England by Mrs. Hutchinson; and her tenets were espoused and defended there by young Sir Harry Vane, then Governor in Massachusetts Bay, and now one of the most active members in the Parliament at London.

“ were mustered previous to their departure, it was found that some of the officers, as well as of the private soldiers, were still under a covenant of works; and that the blessing of God could not be implored or expected to crown the arms of such unhallowed men with success. The alarm was general, and many arrangements necessary in order to cast out the unclean, and to render this little band sufficiently pure to fight the battles of a people who entertained high ideas of their own sanctity.” Vol. iv. p. 309.

Some time before there had been a division in the colony, respecting the cross of St. George being retained in the standard of England. As a relic of popery, the militia refused to follow it, lest they should do homage to an idol.—Idem. p. 295, 296.



"In these matters, my brethren," said Lucas, "when ye are at a loss, and weak reason fails, consult the word of God. Hear ye now what it saith—'Bow down your heads and listen.'" Here there was instantly a dead silence spread throughout the two huts; and the speaker, rising slowly, took out a pocket Bible, which he had brought from Jenkins's locker, and solemnly continued: "When the prophet Daniel was at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, with Haniah, Mishael, and Azariah, 'God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams.'\* It was this Daniel, my brethren, whose name was likewise Belteshazzar, that came in before the King, yea, even the King of Babylon, and warned him to



‘ break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor,’\* or, that his portion should be with the beasts of the field: but, my brethren, like other kings, he was hardened, and listened not to the cry of the watcher and the holy one; therefore his heart was changed from man’s, and a beast’s heart was given unto him: then was he driven from man; and he knew that the dominion of the Lord is an everlasting dominion; and, with Him ‘all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?’”† The speaker resumed his seat; and, after a short, but deep silence, a murmur went round, and each man who had a Bible



took it out. It was then evident that the intention of the preacher was answered : controversy, which might have produced division in their society, was entirely dropped. He had started fresh game—King Charles and Nebuchadnezzar were placed side by side. They had each besieged Jerusalem, or the chosen Israel : Archbishop Laud was the golden image : and the burning fiery furnace typified the heat and intolerance of his persecution against those who would not bow the knee as he commanded. The tree which the King of Babylon saw was equally an emblem of King Charles—his fruit was now scattered—his leaves were shaken off—he was wet with the dew of heaven, and was, at that moment, in the field where beasts had grazed but a few days previous. The tree was cut down, but the “stump of his roots” remained “in the earth, even



with a band of iron and brass, in the tender grass of the field;” and they came to a conclusion, that the unfortunate Monarch, against whom they were bearing arms, would eventually be restored to his throne, after he had learned wisdom and repentance in the school of adversity. Thus passed the afternoon.



## CHAPTER XVI.

EVENING had scarcely changed the sombre interior of the huts, when Simon Ayscough strode in with a proud, triumphant air ; and, stamping his right foot upon the floor, with a violence which made the whole tenement shake, exultingly, and almost hysterically cried, " The lion is come up from his thicket, and the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way."

Every man instantly rose upon his legs, and rushed towards the door, as if for further information. " Stay," said their leader, in a commanding tone, " and collect the brethren." The rain had moderated ; and, in a few seconds, the whole party were assembled upon the



steps and small landing place before the cottages. "My sons," continued Ayscough, "one who heeds not the pelting of the storm, hath been like the watchmen on Mount Ephraim, and now go forth, and ye shall see the signal that announces relief for the godly city. There is a fire on Wainload Hill, and this night shall the hearts in besieged Gloucester rejoice." The hearers needed not further invitation, and were soon stationed on the one beech knöll, from whence they beheld afar, beyond Severn, and to the north of the dark spot of contention, a white glow of light, which became gradually larger, and redder, as the darkness came on; till, at length, it assumed an appearance which made Lucas compare it to the pillar of fire, which, by night, served as a guide to the children of Israel. "It is a signal, my children," said Ayscough, "that Essex is on his



march : and soon shall our brethren in Gloucester say, with David, though ‘ Many bulls have compassed me : ’ and ‘ strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round ; ’ gaping and ravening like roaring lions—yet ‘ thou hast heard,’ and delivered ‘ me from the horns of the unicorns.’ ”\* After a short pause, the old man continued : “ On that day, my brethren, we will go forth into the plain. The righteous in that day shall not look in vain towards ‘ the armour of the house of the forest.’ † And those who lead on the blood-thirsty persecutors of his chosen shall know, that it is the Lord alone who is ‘ girded with power ; ’ and he alone who can still ‘ the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.’ ” ‡ While the vibration of

\* Psalm xxii. 12, 13, 21.

† Isaiah xxii. 8.

‡ Psalm lxxv. 7.



his stentorian voice was yet in their ears, the speaker had disappeared among the trees, leaving his followers animated with high notions of their own strength and importance. It was a moment which Lucas judged fit for the introduction of some preparatory words relative to the temporal, but, in the present case, essential, duty of military discipline, which the weather only had prevented him from commencing during the day. Referring, as usual, to the companion of his way, and, as he professed, the guide of his footsteps, he uttered in his peculiar tone, “ ‘ My sons, be not now negligent : for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before him. to serve him.’ \* It is his work to which ye are called ; therefore, remember that ‘ He that is slothful in his

\* 2 Chron. xxix. 11.



work is brother to him that is a great waster.\* Let us meet together in the morning, and practise in a body with our weapons; that we may become skilful, and in us may be fulfilled the words of the prophet, that ‘the remnant of Jacob shall be among the Gentiles in the midst of many people as a lion among the beasts of the forest, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep: who, if he go through, both treadeth down, and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver.’ †

“Hurra!” cried some of the band. “They’ll zee what zort o zduff we be meade on, I’ze warrant un;” said another; and they moved off along the wood-side in a body, with that lounging, rustic self-importance, which is frequently to be seen in young recruits, who have just mounted the cockade for the first time.

\* Proverbs xviii. 9.

† Micah, v. 8.



The luxury in which they had revelled on the preceding night had been permitted in consequence of the numerous and valuable addition to the former occupiers of the station. They had now, as Ayscough told Lucas, "killed the fatted calf:" and it was agreed that the latter should, by example that evening, and by precept on the morrow, endeavour to wean them from such vanities. To his fellow-labourer in the vineyard, he dared not to say more upon so delicate a point; but, on the morrow, in a conversation with the Colonel, he acknowledged that the company he commanded were not exactly such as he should prefer: "however," said the old man, "we must be governed by circumstances:" and, smiling, as if conscious that he was saying something that would please the prisoner, continued; "My band is, perhaps, now, somewhat like that which David enter-



tained in the cave of Adullam, when ‘every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them.’\* Yet remember, that with such men he conquered the Philistines, and baffled the malignant vengeance of infuriated Saul.” On the evening of that day the rage of the fanatics was much increased against the cavaliers, in consequence of seeing, as they lay reposed on the turf, after the fatigue of military exercise, a succession of red-hot balls fired into the city, “flying through the air like shooting stars.”†

Superadded to the melancholy feeling of being a prisoner, our captive cavalier beheld with mental pain, day after day, the progressive improvement of the ban-

\* 1 Samuel xxii. 2.

† Rushworth.



ditti in their manual exercise; and was compelled to allow that, when assembled in a body, amounting to forty men, half musquetcers, with their matches lighted, and supported by the other half with pikes, the bayonet not being then known, they presented a formidable appearance. Lucas, who, as before observed, was a good swordsman, took great pleasure in instructing his men in the use of that primitive weapon; while Ayscough endeavoured to teach some how to hit a mark with the arrow; and a few bows were strung in consequence; but little progress was made, for want of previous practice in any similar exercise: and the patriarch was reluctantly compelled to abandon, for the time, all idea of forming a small band of archers; while his deputy, with men to whom cudgel-playing and the game of cat had been familiar from their youth, succeeded to the ut-



most of his wishes. When it is considered that scarcely one ball in a hundred takes effect in a field of battle, at the present time, with all our advantages of mechanical ingenuity, it seems extraordinary, that the old heavy match-lock musket, with its various inconveniences, should ever be preferred to the bow ;\* and the leaders in our bloody civil wars were too calculating to allow the comparison to escape them. †

Until the arrival of the third day of

\* When Newark was besieged by the Parliament's forces under the Lord Willoughby of Parham, and Sir John Meldrum, it happened that, as part of Sir Michael Hubbard's regiment were marching off the guard towards their quarters, at Balderton, 100 horse came forth out of the town, and, finding them *without lighted matches*, fell upon them, took their colours, and carried off about 200 prisoners.—*Rushworth*.

† In November, 1643, the following precept was issued by the Earl of Essex, and may interest and amuse our readers: “Whereas, by virtue of



his captivity in the forest, the resignation and philosophy of the Colonel were most exemplary—then, all that the extraordinary nature of his situation could afford of novelty, was worn out, and become stale, flat, and uninteresting. Even the

a commission, under my hand and seal, dated the first day of November, 1643, directed to Mr. Thomas Taylor, citizen of London, he, the said Thomas, is authorized to raise a company of archers, for the service in hand, and to set the same on foot, by and through the free bounties of the well affected people, in and about the city of London, and parts adjacent, as by the tenour of the first commission appears. It is therefore desired that all manner of persons, who are well affected, will be pleased forthwith to bring in bows and arrows. Receivers for the several counties, cities, and places, shall have power to distrain, or have any or what sum of money they please, for the speedy advance of the said service to Bowyer's Hall, within Cripplegate, London, upon Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, which place is prepared as a magazine, or storehouse, for re-



city of Gloucester was beheld with apathy, as it lay below, in apparent quiet, and totally free from the usual cloud of smoke; for it was the Sabbath, on which day the besieged of all classes rested from labour, and suffered not any culinary preparations to indulge man's vain appetite. "What can they be about not to storm the place?" he asked himself; "there has been no firing to-day or yesterday, and the Earl of Essex is marching, it seems, to relieve—pshaw—" The

receipt thereof, and better expediting the said business: wherein, if willingness and indifferent contributions do appear, no doubt but a considerable number of archers will be raised, and God's blessing will still attend the use of that honourable and ancient weapon, heretofore found of good use in this kingdom: therefore all ministers, churchwardens, constables, head-boroughs, and other officers, are desired to be furtherers of the service, according to the tenor hereof. (Signed) ESSEX."

—*Rushworth, Hist. Coll.*



fact was, that mining and countermining were then the order of the day ; and he was finding fault (as Englishmen are yet apt to do, occasionally), with his superiors, without the lights necessary to constitute him a judge of the matter in question.

For the present we must leave him a prisoner in the forest, and attend Major Bagot and his daughter Emma, after their departure from the calm retirement of Llandewy ; which, divested of friends, soon became too calm for the veteran's energetic disposition. Weaned from the King's party by past events, he yet hesitated to take up arms against his countrymen ; and, with no other purpose than that of observing more nearly the progress of rebellion, slowly journeyed with his daughter towards Gloucester, in the beginning of the month of May. Before their arrival in that city, enough of the



ravages of intestine war were visible to induce him to accept Mrs. Flint's invitation for his daughter to remain under her protection. He then proceeded on his way to London, attended by Dennis Connell; and, on his arrival, frequented the House of Parliament, and watched with anxiety the various endeavours, as they were termed, to accommodate matters between contending parties.

It is not in the nature of man in a state of society to remain neutral in cases of great importance. Many were the importunities which the Major resisted. "While the blood of an enemy," said he to Sir Philip Stapleton, "is as dear to me as that of the comrade by my side, God forbid that my sword should be drawn. You see things in a different light, and act accordingly." Sir Philip, who was, in several respects, such a character as we have described the Major



replied, that all which could be effected by treaty had been attempted. "You know," said he, "that I went last year, with the Earl of Holland, to the King, at Beverley, with a petition, deprecating the shedding of human blood, requesting him to disband his troops, recall his commissions of array, and return to his Parliament. All which he refused.\* Who was it that drew the sword first? Mercy now consists in making such examples of the enemies of our freedom as may deter men from entering into their ranks. The war would have been ended, I firmly believe, in a few weeks, if Essex would but have taken poor Hampden's† advice the day after the battle of Edgehill, when he and Hollis, and Willoughby of Par-

\* Whitelock, p. 60.

† John Hampden the celebrated, who was mortally wounded in a skirmish at Chalgrave Field, June 18th, 1643, and died six days after.



ham, came up, each with a fresh regiment. If, we had attacked the King then, beaten as he was the day before, all must have been over with him; and this foreigner, Rupert, would not now have been heading an army of ruffians, whom he encourages to plunder and abuse the country people wherever they go." Such was the language to which the Major became daily more accustomed. The newspapers likewise circulated in London contained exaggerated accounts of the cavaliers' wanton cruelty; and one unfortunate morning he had been perusing an account of the storming of Bristol, and taking of Cirencester, by the King's troops, and their subsequent atrocious conduct and disregard of the treaties by which the places were delivered into their hands, when the door opened, and Dennis gave the following letter to his master :—



*“ Gloucester, Aug. 7, 1643.*

“ SIR,

“ We have hitherto been highly favoured at this place, sitting under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid—now we are called upon to suffer for righteousness’ sake—the mysterious providence of Bristol being taken by the King puts us in danger. Your daughter is very low-spirited—I fear the eyes of her understanding are scarcely opened to discern spiritual things. This comes by a godly man, who goes in our name to ask the Parliament to send over to help us.

“ That you may grow in grace, is the prayer of yours,

“ ELIZABETH FLINT.

“ P. S.—Your daughter wishes you were here—poor thing—what will she do in the day of trial ? ”



The aspect of affairs was now no longer to be speculatively viewed by the Major : all the tales of violence that he had heard flashed across his recollection with the distinctness of substantiated facts ; and his Emma was about to be exposed to the brutality of an enraged and insubordinate soldiery, if Gloucester fell. With throbbing heart he learned, on inquiry, that the utmost force in that place could not amount to more than 1,400 men ; while it was impossible to calculate what army the King could command, after taking the second city in the kingdom, as Bristol was considered. Alarm was painted in the face of every parliament man he met ; and the City of London was, if possible, in greater agitation than when the encounter between the King's and Parliament's troops took place at Brentford, in the previous winter. Orders were issued on the 21st



of August that all shops should be closed till Gloucester was relieved; as, if that place fell, the City of London could not long be in safety. Three days previous a mandate for pressing 2,000 men had been published. The apprentices, freed from work, and every restraint, and knowing that their masters would be compelled to receive them again on their return, flocked in crowds to the various rendezvous appointed. In five days the Earl of Essex mustered his army, of 10,000 strong, on Hounslow Heath, and was afterwards joined by two regiments of trained bands, three of auxiliaries, and one of horse, from the City, besides eleven pieces of cannon, and three drakes. This union took place at the general rendezvous on Brackley Heath, September the 1st, when Major Bagot, with a desperate mental plunge, passed the Rubicon, and found himself attached to the



staff of the parliamentary commander-in-chief. Dennis was to retain his usual post of valet ; but, as every man's assistance might be needful, it was understood that in the day of battle he was to trail a pike in the ranks. Most philosophically demure did the Hibernian receive his instructions, and mounted his tawny scarf and ribbon, with the single observation, that nobody would take him for a Catholic in future, anyhow. It was a fine autumnal day ; but the beauties of nature were all obscured by clouds of dust. The Londoners came jovially upon the heath, brigaded together under Colonel Mainwaring. Nought heeded they on that day of orders, which they subsequently understood well, and strictly kept. There was no steadiness nor silence in their ranks ; for, joined with the veterans of Edgehill, they conceived themselves invincible ; and, amid the





din of drums beating, the bold blast of the trumpet, and the neighing of horses, were to be heard the godly exhortation, the boast of youth and inexperience, and loud cries of "Hey for old Robin!"\* Dennis was talking to a serjeant of Harvey's, an old martinette, as the newly-formed brigade marched up. "Pretty sort of soldiers," exclaimed the latter; "Skippon must work hard to make any thing of them." "And what's the matter wid em now, I'd like to know?" asked Dennis. "Matter!" quoth the other; "look at their pikes, pointing in all directions, some up, some down—pshaw—and hear them, how they chatter, like a flight of rooks—but, it's no wonder; they think it's a holiday, and a soldier has nothing to do but laugh—but, they'll find the difference—hear 'em calling out

\* The Earl of Essex..



to each other, Jack and Tom—fie upon it.” “I like the looks of ’em,” replied Dennis; “give me, for a row, the boy that has got a laughing way wid him, while there’s a small spark of contempt lying snug in the corner of his eye as he faces the inemy. Oh! that’s better nor all the big words and letters in Christendom—they are the lads that ’ll knock down their two or three men each quietly, while your palavering bogtrotters are thinking about it, or perhaps run away.” “Humph,” said the serjeant; “an Irish row is a different sort of thing, let me tell you, from a field of battle.” “Then you’ve been in one?” asked Dennis, with pretended hesitation and respect. “Why, ye—es—yes, I may say—that is—it might have been a serious thing,” replied the other. “Ah! how—how—what? pray tell,” cried the Hibernian, placing a hand on each knee, and, with



bent body, looking up at the martinet with open mouth, and face as fully prepared to swallow an extraordinary tale as any modern Munchausen could wish. "I was then," continued the serjeant, "under the immediate orders of my friend Major General Skippon; and if they had sent troops forward to Hounslow, and Sir John Meyricke had not called back the regiments from the Acton road—" "Why," interrupting him, exclaimed Dennis, "you are talking of the Turnham Green business of last November, just after the King beat up your quarters at Brentford. Were you in Hollis's then? They fought well, and would have swam down the Thames dead or alive, if it hadn't been for Hampden's and Brook's." The serjeant, being taken by surprise, when expecting to astonish a "green horn," made no reply; and Dennis, guessing what he



really was, continued, "Oh ho! and I know now the sarvice you were upon—I've hard of that before now—and I'd like to have been there too when the city good wives\* sent down the cart loads of wine and provisions—God bless 'em—but you were all a mighty deal better plased when you hard the King had gone to the right-about, I'm told—ha—ha—but there goes my master, talking to Lord Roberts—I bid you a good morning, Sir;" and elevating the cap from his head, between his little finger and thumb, first drawing back and elevating his figure to its utmost height, he took a ludicrous and ceremonious leave of the crest fallen serjeant, who waited until he was out of hearing, and then, muttering something about "wild Irishman," proceeded to vent the venom of his spleen

\* Whitelock, p. 63.



upon the unlucky wights of an awkward squad hard by, who were practising the lock-step.

During their march to Gloucester, which commenced immediately after the junction of the Londoners, scarcely a day passed without some trifling affair with small parties of the King's troops, whose intention being only to harass them, they were of course always beat off. Repelling such attacks was a fine service for raw troops, who, seeing the enemy daily retreating before them, acquired that confidence in themselves and each other which outweighs every other advantage in the day of battle.

At Stow in the Would they were attacked by a party of four thousand horse under Prince Rupert, who, retreating in view the next day before them for some miles, presented a favourable and picturesque subject for the numerous de-



claimers in the camp. In the evening they arrived on the Presbury Hills,\* near Cheltenham, from whence the godly city of Gloucester was beheld in the valley. The besieged, and the dwellers in the forest, had been cheered the night before by the blazing of two fires on Wainload Hill, which were answered by lights on the College Tower; and four cannon now announced to them the welcome news that deliverance was at hand. In the King's camp all was bustle and confusion; the heavy ordnance, before mentioned, was removed from Lanthony up Tredworth field, and horse and foot were seen marching slowly after them. Night came on, and the rear-guard sullenly loitered, till necessity compelled them to fulfil their mortifying task of setting fire to their huts, and consequently announcing to the exulting enemy, the

\* 5th Sept. 1643.



abandonment of all their fruitless labours. On that day, a solemn fast had been appointed to be held in Gloucester, by all persons who could be spared from public labour; and twice had Mrs. Flint and Emma been to hear the word, when the first movements towards raising the siege were observed and reported to her. She was sitting between two godly ministers who were assisting her (as they elegantly termed a recapitulation of the doctrines which they had heard), to “chew the cud” of Divine things. The good news was announced: “’Tis an answer to prayer,” said she. “Faith removeth mountains,” groaned forth a meagre figure on her right. “Men ought always to pray and not to faint,” added her sinister supporter. “Ye and the rest of the godly men have wrestled hard,” continued Mrs. Flint; “and for your sakes, doubtless, is this city spared—ye



are the salt that has preserved us.”  
 “The city of Gloucester,” replied the  
 right hand figure, “hath indeed been  
 highly favoured with the presence of  
 brethren whose *gifts* in prayer are more  
 powerful than hosts of armed men.”\*

We would here do Mrs. Flint the justice to observe, that she was a lady whose hand had been always open to relieve the oppressed, among whom the puritans certainly might once have claimed a place; and, led by the goodness of her heart, it was her misfortune to be the dupe

\* The following epitaph from Stepney Church Yard, exhibits a puritan's idea of the efficacy of prayer.

On JAMES BAILEY, Seaman.

Master and chaplain's place he well did bear :  
 Each threat'ning wave, astonish'd at his prayer,  
 Shrunk in it's head when pious James was  
                   there. }

Bailey on board! The baffled tempest flew,  
 As swift as morning's sun exhales the dew.



of hypocrites and ignorant enthusiasts: yet, though she had unfortunately become assimilated with the latter, she steadfastly believed, and acted consistently with what she professed. It is to be expected that a sudden deliverance from danger so great as that to which they had been exposed, for six-and-twenty days and nights, must have produced a considerable effect on the minds of the two ladies. Emma wept for joy when the cannon announced the arrival of the Earl of Essex's army within sight. "I shall now," said she, "hear some tidings of my dear father:" and that night the poor affectionate girl laid her weary head upon the pillow, thanking her Maker, that, during the hours of darkness, she should not be liable to alarm from the thunder of cannon, the clattering of falling tiles, or the loud shrieks of fire from houses which the red-hot balls had struck. To man,



familiarity with danger brings indifference ; but, to the timid, a repetition of alarm enervates both mind and body. Emma knew what it was to sit for hours, trembling like an aspen leaf, in the midst of warlike clamour and bustle, scarcely daring to turn her head from the needle-work, at which she toiled with a trance-like apathy, for fear of beholding some dreadful spectacle of the horrors of war. Relieved from personal danger, her anxious thoughts now roved after her parent, and her dear friend Elizabeth. Of old Colonel Powell's death she had heard, and wondered much where the son was. After a sleepless night (for great and sudden joy does not bestow rest), she descended to the breakfast-parlour, where Mrs. Flint was seated with an aspect of unusual gaiety : " Good morning, my dear Emma," said she ; " I have good news for you—see here—'tis



of your father." "My father!" exclaimed the delighted girl, snatching a newspaper, which the old lady held in her hand, with a rudeness which she could not have committed, nor the matron have suffered under any other circumstances; "my father! oh, where?" "There, my love," said Mrs. Flint, pointing to a paragraph; "the Lord hath been pleased to direct his footsteps."

With a throbbing heart, Emma read, in a list of the most eminent military officers, the name of "Colonel Regulus Bagot, an experienced officer, well known by all who have served in Germany and the low countries—this gentleman, after a retirement of some years in Wales, in consequence of a wound which he received at the passage of the river Lech, where, as well as on many former occasions, he distinguished himself under the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Swe-



den, has nobly left the bosom of his family to fight the battles of the Lord."

It was long since any intelligence of passing events had reached the two ladies ; and, after a congratulatory address, and suitable reply upon the Major's, now Colonel's elevation and consequence in the army of the faithful, they both, with serious intent, looked over the contents of sundry newspapers, which the events of the day before had allowed to be brought into the city. They were on both sides of the question ; and in *Mercurius Aulicus*, Emma, catching the name of Powell, read the following paragraph :  
" The Swausea trader, Fanny, commanded by Captain David Jenkins, was boarded and taken by a large party of roundheads, who came out of a creek near Goldciffe point, when she was lying at anchor. She was defended bravely by the passengers and crew, under the



orders of Colonel Powell of Penleon ; but they were overpowered by numbers, and the said Colonel is taken up, towards Gloucester, a prisoner : but the ship was retaken, after some of the enemy were gone on shore, by the bravery and presence of mind of Captain Jenkins, and two of his crew."\* Three times did she peruse the paragraph in silence ere she could summon resolution to read it to Mrs. Flint, whom she then faintly asked where they could have taken the Co-

Three official newspapers were published regularly in 1643. *Mercurius Rusticus*, written by Bruno Ryves, Chaplain to King Charles : *Mercurius Aulicus*, written at Oxford, by John Birkenhead ; and *Mercurius Britannicus*, " for the better information of the people," was commenced in the August of that year, by Marchmont Needham. Vide Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Besides these, the press was constantly occupied with accounts of battles, treaties, and controversies.



lonel. “ It is in vain for us to guess,” replied the old lady ; “ but, now all communications will be open, and we shall soon know—I will speak to the governor in his behalf.” Emma was about to thank her, but the words would not pass her lips—it was strange, for she felt really grateful and pleased ; but the human mind is a labyrinth of strange turnings and windings, and we know not at which we shall suddenly find ourselves in paths retraced before. Emma had got into a track of former days, and it led her far away from Gloucester, and Mrs. Flint, to Llandewy bower — the hill side—the trout stream—Llyn gwyn, &c. &c. &c., and then on board the Fanny, where she beheld her friend’s brother, gallantly opposing superior numbers ; and fancy’s vagaries ended in a deep sigh as the young Colonel appeared dejectedly marching, exposed to every rude insult, a pri-



soner into the interior. "But my father can now protect him," she mentally ejaculated, with a mixed feeling of pride at her parent's importance and doubts respecting the justice of his cause—but the latter vanished when she reminded herself that he must be well acquainted with the conduct of both parties, and, moreover, was far better qualified to judge than a female who had been confined in a besieged city.

By whatever persons we may chance to be surrounded, we are always pleased to witness their respect and admiration evinced towards our particular friends; and Emma, in the midst of a circle of puritans, whose conduct and conversation usually appeared equally hypocritical and ridiculous, felt, notwithstanding, a gratification to which she had been long a stranger when, with Mrs. Flint, she was congratulated by a party of the elect



in her father's union with the host of the Lord. Ere the sun went down that evening, a party who had been out to repair the conduit pipes, by which the city was supplied with water from Robin Hood's Hill, and which the enemy had cut at the commencement of the siege, returned in haste with intelligence, that the Parliament's army were advancing. Joy was in every face ; breathless messengers communicated their intelligence. " They are marching across the marsh." " No," said another ; " they are gone round by the Lye." " How can that be, when Johnson, the plumber, saw them at Hatherley ?" asked a third. At length the rush of men, women, and children, from the walls, prepared a way for the deliverers, and a detachment of four regiments marched in by the north gates. They were received with loud acclamations : but General Essex, as the Earl



was called, remained at Cheltenham, and there was some prospect of a battle; the officers told the inquisitive inhabitants, as they crowded round them at the Booth Hall, where the Mayor and corporation had prepared such an entertainment as the state of their affairs, and short notice, would permit, There was no billeting off the men; for each householder was anxious to entertain as many as possible, being as eager for intelligence of what was passing in the world, as men who have been long at sea: and both deliverers and delivered knew that night the luxury of laying their weary heads upon the pillow of security.

END OF VOL. II.











